

*Vulgus Britannicus:*  
O R T H E  
British HUDIBRAS.

In Fifteen *C A N T O'S*.

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The Five parts Compleat in one *Volume*.

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Containing the Secret *HISTORY* of the Late  
*LONDON MOB*; Their Rise, Progress,  
and Suppression by the *Guards*.

Intermix'd with the *CIVIL-WARS* betwixt  
*High-Church* and *Low-Church*, down to this  
time: Being a Continuation of the Late Inge-  
nious Mr. *Butler's HUDIBRAS*.

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Written by the Author of the  
*LONDON SPY*.

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The Second Edition, Adorn'd with *CUTS* of  
*BATTLES*; *EMBLEMS*, and *EFFIGIES*,  
Engraven on *Copper-Plates*.

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*L O N D O N:*

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# PREFACE.

**T**HE mannerly Name of Incendiary, and the modish Compliment of Inconsiderable Fellow, are now grown so Common in the Mouths of those Persons; who whilst they are shamming the World with pretended Invitations to Brotherly Love and Charity, cannot forbear, even in the same Lectures, to break loose from the Principles they are labouring, seemingly, to infuse; and to gratify their own Malice, in provoking one Party, to Curry Favour with another.

So that he who either Writes or speaks upon any Publick Occasion, runs a great hazard in these Precarious times, of incurring some imputation or other; by unhappily thwarting

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## P R E F A C E.

*ing the Capricious Humours of such contending Hot-spurs, who are always blowing up the Coals of Sediti-  
on, in the same Breath that they are recommending Moderation; and can no more hide the Tail of the Old Ser-  
pent that lurks under the Leaves of Hypocrisy, than a wanton Harlot can her Vicious Inclinations, by a Dissembl'd Countenance.*

*However, I have ventur'd to publish the following Poem, wherein the late Disorders of our Good Lords the People are turned into Ridicule; with such Advantages and Allowances, as I hope may render the Performance acceptable to the Reader; and when I have wasted this Subject, which will end with the next Part; I shall fall upon such Matters as may be further entertaining, without the least Offence; So farewell.* *Vul-*

(I)

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*Vulgus Britannicus :*  
OR, THE  
British HUDIBRASS.  
A BURLESQUE  
POEM.

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CANTO I.

*On the late Disorders of the Rabble.*

**I**N Spiteful Times when *Humane Folly*,  
Discourag'd all that's Good and Holy ;  
When *Peace* and *Truth* were out of Season,  
And *Zeal* had got the start of *Reason* ;  
When Knaves by dint of *Inspiration*  
Diffus'd their *Nonsense* thro' the Nation ;

B

And



And when *Ill-Nature* and *Grimace*  
Were outward Signs of Inward *Grace*,  
When Atheists *Preach'd*, and Blockheads *Writ*,  
And *Scandal* only pass'd for *Wit* ;  
When *Fiery Words* like Blazing-stars,  
Portended Plagues and Civil Wars,  
And *Tavern Cavils* shew too plain  
The Malice and the *Pride of Men* ;  
When our Good Sov'reign *Lords the People*  
Were *Crown'd* by a *Republick Cripple*,  
And by false *Logick* prov'd to be  
The Source of all *Authority*,  
And that from them all *Power* Sprung  
At first, as *Pompions* do from *Dung*,  
And did on them devolve again,  
As oft as they were pleas'd to *Reign*,  
As if a King, *the Lord's Anointed*,  
Was only by the *Mob* appointed,  
And that they rais'd him to a *Crown*  
For nothing but to pull *him down* ;  
So active *Boys* in windy *Gales*  
Mount *Paper Kites* with *Fiery Tails*,

And

And *Guide* and *Lower* 'em by their Strings,  
Just as *Fanaticks* would their *Kings*.

When *Bad Designs* had *Pious Names*,  
And *Holy Looks* hid *Tricks* and *Shams*,  
And those who seem'd the most *Upright*,  
Turn'd all Religion into *Spite*,  
Would frequently at *Church Commune*,  
And rail against her when they'd done,  
As if they only kiss'd the *Chalice*,  
To *Whet* and *Sanctifie* their *Malice*.

When *Feuds* and *Discords* did encrease,  
And Men lov'd War instead of Peace,  
That all sides had their *New Inventions*,  
To Feed and Propagate *Contentions*.

When Men thro' slavish *Fear* deny'd  
Those *Truths* they should have Justify'd,  
For Int'rest sake themselves *deceiv'd*  
And stood by what they *Disbeliev'd*;

Affirming Points by dint of *Tongue*,  
 Which in their Hearts they knew were wrong ;  
 And acquiesc'd with *Solemn Lies*,  
 Invented purely for *Disguise*,  
 That *False Reports* might prove a *Blind*  
 To what was wickedly *design'd*,  
 And gild the Pois'nous Bitter *Pill*,  
 Prepar'd not to *Relieve* but *Kill*,  
 So he that does a fraud intend  
 First treats the Bubble like a *Friend*,  
 That he may gain his *Knaveish End*.  
 The *Bawd* puts on a Face devout,  
 To bring her *Base Intrigues* about,  
 And can talk *Scripture* to betray,  
 The *Pious Maid* that's Young and Gay ;  
 The *Fox* will Bask, and Rowl and Stretch,  
 To bring his *Prey* within his *Reach* :  
 The Cruel *Russian* and the *Traytor*,  
 The Minute that they *stab* will *flatter*,  
 And Proud *Fanaticks* Fawn and Bend  
 When they the greatest *Ills* intend,

And



And Preach up *Safety* to the *Throne*,  
 Their *Treacherous Hands* are Pulling down,

When some were *Ruin'd*, some *Enrich'd*  
 And some 'twixt *Pride* and *Zeal* bewitch'd  
 Others infected with a *Spice*,  
 Of *Atheism*, *Craft*, and *Avarice*,  
 Some stupify'd with *Wine* and *Folly*,  
 Others with *Spleen* and *Melancholly*;  
 Some by the *Sourness* of their *Natures*,  
*Perverse* and *Headstrong* *Jarring* *Creatures*;  
 Others by *Education* spoil'd,  
 Too *Hot* and *Furious*, or too *mild*,  
 That most were of some *Faults* attainted,  
 Whether *bedevil'd* or *befainted*.

'Twas then the very *Dregs* or *Arsè*  
 Of all the *Jarring Universe*,  
 Spew'd out of *Alleys*, *Jayls* and *Garrets*,  
 Grown sturdy with *Neckbeef* and *Carrots*;  
 Some liquor'd well with *Foggy Ale*,  
 Others with *Glorious Mild* and *Stale*;

*Informers,*

*Informers, Lab'rors, Brothel-Keepers,*  
*Pimps, Panders, Thieves and Chimney-Sweepers,*  
And all the rest oth' *Heath'nish Race*  
That do our *Grand Processions* grace;  
More *Mad*, worse *Savage Brutes* at best,  
Than the *Wild Herd* the *Dev'l* possesse  
And more portentous when they rise,  
Than blazing *Comets* in the *Skies*,  
*Unletter'd, Rascally and Base,*  
A *Kingdoms Danger and Disgrace,*  
The *High-born Traitor's* noisy *Tools,*  
Govern'd by neither *Laws* or *Rules,*  
Always by others *Craft betray'd*  
To *Ills* behind the *Curtain* laid,  
To *Mischief* by their *Stars* inclin'd,  
*Deaf* to *Advice*, to *Danger Blind,*  
Forward and *Furious* in *Extreams,*  
Fearless of *Life*, or loss of *Limbs,*  
And lavish of *Destructive Pains,*  
To do *Bad Work* for *Little Gains,*  
This *Monstrous Rout* so *Loose and Idle,*  
A *Paradox*, a perfect *Riddle,*

To those for whom their *Love's* most warm,  
They always do the *Greatest Harm*,  
And often serve by their *Commutations*  
The Side that feels their *Persecutions*;  
And when they mean to use them *Ill*,  
Do good to those they would despoile  
Against their *Knowledge* and their *Will*.  
Thus oft the *Service* they intend  
Deserves the *Curses* of their Friend,  
And their *Revenge* much Thanks from those  
They *Sack* and *Plunder* as their Foes.

When Liberty they loudly cry  
Some hidden *Danger's* always nigh,  
And when they're suffer'd most to *use it*,  
They're in the fairest way to *lose it*.  
Justice if e'er th' attempt to shew it,  
By *Means Unjust* they always do it;  
Disguise their *Ills* in Agitation,  
With loud *Huzza's* of Reformation;  
And when their *Violence* runs most high  
Mod'ration is their only Cry;



So Rebels do for *Peace* declare,  
 When bent to raise a *Civil-War*,  
 And cry *God save* the Church and Crown,  
 Whilst rushing on to pull 'em down.

When all Sides had their *Raving Fits*,  
 And in their Turns grew *Bedlamites*;  
 Whilst *Foaming Authors* of Renown,  
 Spread *New-Infection* up and down;  
 And poison'd *Others* by their Writings,  
 As *Mad-dogs* by their Frothy Bitings,  
 'Twas then, I say, the *Magazine*  
 Of Pow'r who long had silent been;  
 Mov'd by their Blazing *Zeal* arose  
 And happen'd thro' *Mistake*, *God knows*,  
 To deem their *Pious Friends* their Foes,  
 Who long had dignify'd the Croud  
 With Pow'r Supream to make them Proud;  
 Appeal'd to these their S . . . *Brutes*,  
 As the best Judge of all Disputes;  
 And that the Wise *Imperial Throng*,  
 Like *Papal Chair*, could do no Wrong,

But

But were, as *Nob* declares in spite,  
By dint of Number always Right.

These Mighty Lords, the *Gracious Rabble*  
Who Reign'd long since as Kings of *Babel*;  
Where Jarring Tongues such Discord bred,  
That one scarce knew what t'other said,  
And angry Heav'n was pleas'd to pour  
Confusion round that *Lofty Tow'r*,  
Having of late imbib'd such *Notions*,  
As warranted their vile *Commotions*;  
They thought without Offence they might  
Asssemble to assert their *Right*,  
And in an awful Manner shew 'em  
Their Pow'r who gave it first unto 'em;  
So he that when he makes a *Feast*,  
*For Friends, inebriates* his Guest,  
And gives them with an Ill Design  
Too great a *Plenty* of his *Wine*;  
If they *Run Mad*, and *Spew* and *Spoil*  
His Parlour, and his Goods *defile*;

He that first made their *Brains* so dizzy,  
Should bear their *Rudeness* and be easy.

So he that will entrust a *Sword*,  
With him that's *Franrick* and *Untow'd*,  
And then prvoke him, ought to *feel*,  
The Sharpness of the pointed *Steel*.

These *Tuchinites*, our *Mighty Lords*,  
According to that *Sage's* Words,  
Arm'd with a Magazine of Power,  
Assign'd them by the fam'd *Reviewer* ;  
Aspiring in their Noble *Thought*,  
Above the Laws as they'd been taught,  
Presum'd to make a Street Convention  
To prosecute some new Intention ;  
The bolder Hero's first began,  
Near an Old *Ditch*, their wise Divan ;  
Where leaning o'er the *Rails* they stood,  
Consulting Ankle-deep in *Mud* ;  
Where *Dung-boats* sail'd in *Dirty Streams*,  
Beneath their *Noses*, from the *Thames*,



Which kindly mix'd with Common-snoars,  
As nasty as the Neighb'ring *Wh* - - - s.

Here Leathern Aprons, Tatter'd Frocks,  
With Faces black as Chimney-stocks,  
And *Raggamuffins* who would cut,  
For a small Booty Purse or Throat ;  
Were from their Loufy Huts crept out,  
To joyn the bold *Lanarian* Rout ;  
Whose Greasy Rags and Brimless Hats,  
Were half devour'd by Hungry *Rats* ;  
Yet what Remains of *Hat* they'd left,  
Were useful, tho' of *Brim*s bereft ;  
Adorn'd their *Noddles* in their Freaks,  
At Night were made their Candlesticks.

When this wild Frape, to *Mischief* free ;  
The *Sons* of Blood and Cruelty ;  
Well arm'd with Oaken Stick and Club,  
The Scepters of the Sovereign Mob,  
In *Loud Huzzas* proclaim'd their Coming,  
On Stalls and Bulks with *Truncheons* Drumming ;

St. Bridget's ~~Mob~~ Mob advanc'd to meet 'em,  
And did with equal Clamour greet 'em;  
Much *Joyful Madness* was exprest,  
As if they now were highly blest,  
To see their furious *Noisy Throng*,  
So wild, so num'rous and so strong.

When thus according to their *Mind*,  
They all were in one Body Joyn'd;  
And equally possess'd with *Devils*,  
Were ready for the worst of *Evils*;  
Their Helborn Leaders then thought fit,  
To call a Council in the Street;  
That they might Form some new Example,  
More startling than to burn a *Temple*;  
And hammer some Dark Project out,  
Worthy of such a daring *Rout*;  
For all *Joynt Bodies* whether wise,  
And Just as Senates who despise,  
A Sorded Act, and scorn to break  
The Rules they give, or Laws they make,

Or whether Headstrong Wicked Elves,  
All aim at what's most like themselves;  
For Men of High or Lower *Station*,  
In spite of Wise *Ratiocination*;  
Like less intelligible Creatures,  
Pursue the Dictates of their Natures.

And tho' we only walk erect,  
Look upwards and are Heav'ns Elect;  
And boast our standing on no more  
Than two Legs, yet when arm'd with Pow'r,  
We prove worse Brutes than those with *Four*.

After some Whispers pass'd about,  
Among the Captains of the *Rout*,  
And those of lower Rank had chose,  
Indentur'd Cit in *Antick* Cloths,  
To be their *Gen'ral* for the Day,  
Commission'd by a loud *Huzza*;  
Whose Rakish *Impudence* prefer'd,  
The Hopeful *Youth* to lead the Herd;



That e'ery Pace the *Rake* might be  
The nearer to the fatal *Tree*,  
Or some more violent *Destiny*.

Thus those that fit in *Peace* above,  
And pour their *Vengeance* and their *Love*,  
As they see *Just*, on *Human Race*,  
Crown some with *Wealth*, give others *Grace*;  
Do oft Decree the Man of *Spite*,  
To perish in his own *Delight*;  
So he that's guided by his *Lust*,  
Dies by the *Vice* he loves the most.

When thus the bold *Infernal Crew*,  
Had fix'd the *Ills* they mean'd to do;  
And chose a true *Unthinking Leader*,  
Whose *Hot-brain'd Fury* knew no *Tedder*;  
Tow'rds Good St. *Dunstan* then they stood,  
And turn'd their *Arse* on Old King *Lud*,  
Now like the *Gad'ret* Herd of *Swine*,  
They *Ran* to forward their *Design*,

As if they were alike *possest*,  
And could not for the *Devil Rest*.

Had *Hell's* Poor Pris'ners snap'd their Chains,  
To fly from their Incessant Pains;  
And frightening *Cerb'rus* from the Gate,  
Resum'd on Earth their Mortal State;  
The 'nfernal Mansions scarce could *Spew*,  
Among us, such another *Crow*.

Tatter'd and Torn they all appear'd,  
And look'd as if no God they fear'd;  
But *Mad* as *Bedlamites* in Straw,  
Despis'd both Heav'n, and Humane Law;  
With loud Huzzas they *Rent* the Skies,  
And fill'd the Neighb'ring Streets with Noise;  
Put Pious Dames besides their Wits,  
And frighted *Children* into Fits;  
Made the Saints tremble at their Cries,  
To think at such a time as this;  
That after so much Reformation,  
Such Brutes should still infest the Nation;

But

But let us take what Pains we Can,  
And use the utmost *Art* of Man :  
Nettles will still grow up to *spite us*,  
T'ch' fruitful Gardens of the *Righteous* ;  
And the same *Fertile* Land that Bears  
Good *Corn*, will cherish Weeds and Tares:

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C A N T O II.

*A Continuation of the foregoing Subject.*

**W**hen the Rude *Vulgi* thus were met,  
 And e'ery Moment grew more Great;  
 Gath'ring fresh Succour to their *Throng*,  
 Like *Snowballs* when they're rowl'd along;  
 Among which never thinking *Croud*,  
 'Twas held a *Vertue* to be loud;  
 Whilst here a *Shove*, and there a *Blow*,  
 For *Common Jests*, pass'd to and fro;  
 So when the *Horned Herd* to feed,  
 Are turn'd into the *Fertile Mead*;  
 They Gallup, cock their *Tails* and *Roar*,  
 And growing wild each other *Goar*.

Now, at the *Rabble's* great Command,  
Each Coach was forc'd to make a stand;  
And many tho' of lofty Station,  
Submit to their Examination;  
And with the Patience of a *Job*,  
Obey their S . . . . . L . . . . . the Mob;  
Who now grown mad 'twixt *Nob* and *Tipple*;  
Declar'd themselves to be the *People*,  
Who had by Natures Law a *Right*,  
To do whate'er themselves thought fit;  
So *Rebels*, when successful grown,  
Will *Brave* and *Dare* the very Throne;  
And rigidly exert their Pow'r,  
O'er those that govern'd them before.

As the *Rude Rabble* now encreas'd,  
In various Raggs and Tatters Dress'd;  
And tow'rds the *Rooks Old College* drew,  
More *Wild* and *Insolent* they grew;  
No *Gang of Sailors* stept on Shoar,  
To see some strapping *Wappen Whore*,

Could

Could in their *Frantick Actions* better  
 Express the Freaks of Savage Nature;  
 Than did the loud tremendous Brood,  
 Whose Bell'wings seldom bode much Good;  
 Each frightened Dog their *Fury* felt,  
 With being either Dock'd or Gelt;  
 And stubborn Posts were made to Reel,  
 By Bangs and Knocks they could not feel.  
 So Men provok'd to Indignation,  
 By others who despise their Passion:  
 Discharge their *Fury* when they're *Vex'd*,  
 On *Stocks* or *Stones* or what comes next.

When thus the bold Infernal Swarm,  
 Were boiling-hot for any Harm;  
 'Twas then a certain *Soul Physician*,  
 Just fall'n into a bad Condition,  
 By vent'ring thro' his *Over Zeal*,  
 To probe a Wound he could not Heal;  
 Was therefore question'd if his Balsam,  
 Were *Stale* and *Naught*, or *Good* and *Wholsome*,



Which he'd apply'd to piping Hot,  
To Brethren that approv'd it not,

It hap'ning that these weighty Matters,  
Between the Doctor and his Betters;  
By this time having spread among,  
Th' Original of Pow'r the *Throng*;  
To whom the Two Wise Observators,  
Those grumbling Twins of Regulators,  
And all the Saints of Modern date,  
So often have appeal'd of late,  
And made thereby, the *Frantick Crowd*,  
So Pert, so insolent and Proud;  
That our new S..... L..... the *Rabble*,  
Thought they'd a *Native Right* to Squabble  
At all times, on behalf of those,  
Their *Zeal* inclin'd them to espouse,  
Believing they had Pow'r sufficient  
Giv'n 'em long since by the *Omniscient*;  
To rightly judge without the *Laws*,  
The Person, or his doubtful Cause.

And therefore might, when set upon't,  
Their Lawful *Governors* Confront.  
These empty *Notions* and *Conceits*,  
Quite turn'd the *wav'ring* Rabble's Wits;  
And made the flaving useful Creatures,  
Grow *Proud* and *Saunt* to their *Betters*;  
So *Mastiffs* kept within our Yards,  
Prove safe and serviceable *Guards*;  
But if we suffer them to mount  
The *Pails*, on e'ery light Account;  
They'll grow too *Headstrong* by Degrees,  
And *Tare* and *Worry* whom they please,

The Rabble, rather Brutes than Men,  
Curs'd *ab Origine* from *Cain*;  
B'ing thus assembl'd in the Street,  
For any Sport or Mischief fit;  
Whether by some obscure Direction,  
Or guided by their own *Affection*;  
The Giddy, Wild, *Unthinking* Herd,  
Resolv'd to be the *Doctor's* Guard;

And

And headlong to his *Levi* Run,  
 Well arm'd with Club instead of Gun,  
 And there attended his approach;  
 T' *Huzza* him loudly to his Coach.

The *Doctor* much amaz'd to see,  
 The Rabble of their Love so free;  
 Well knowing such *unwelcome Kindness*,  
 Caus'd by intemp'rate *Zeal* or *Blindness*;  
 Or by some buisy Faction ment,  
 To Irritate the Government;  
 Gave to the *Mob* a sharp Reproof,  
 And wisely thought that *Thanks* enough;  
 For the *Rude Hallows* of a Rout,  
 He had much rather been without;  
 So forward Fools will Friendship offer,  
 To Persons that despise their *Proffer*  
 Thro' Prudence, not Ingratitude,  
 Because forc'd Kindnesses are rude.

However all the Rough Perswasions,  
 The soft Entreaties and Orations;



The Sober Arguments and Prayers,  
 That Man could use to *Wilful Bears* ;  
 Could not prevail upon the *Rout*,  
 To stop their Course, and face about ;  
 For Captain *Tom* of this *Fam'd City*,  
 Joyn'd with his *Mob* are High and Mighty ;  
 Too Wise, too *Headstrong*, and too Bold,  
 To be Advis'd, or yet Controul'd ;  
 And like stern *Tyrants* will *Postpone*,  
 All others Measures, to their own.  
 So *Girls* that lay their *Baits* to catch  
 Some Youth that's not a *Proper Match* ;  
 If *Friends* will not their *Choice* approve,  
 The more they're Check'd the more they Love.

Thus did the *Priest* in Triumph Ride,  
 With *Legions* shouting by his side ;  
 Punish'd with the untimely Cry,  
 In spite of *Low Church*, *High Church High* ;  
 Which startling Noise, like *Winters Thunder*,  
 Fill'd many List'ning Ears with Wonder ;

So unexpectedly to find,  
 The S.... People thus unkind;  
 Who had so long been sooth'd and flatter'd,  
 H....ly'd, Review'd, and Observer'd,  
 And tempted by a Thousand Arts,  
 To stamp Mod'ration in their Hearts;  
 Yet that at last upon a *Pinch*,  
 They from their Good old Friends should flinch  
 Who us'd to treat them with *whole Barrels*  
 Of Ale, to back them in their *Quarrels*;  
 Encourage them long since to *Swarm*,  
 Round such that meant the Nation Harm;  
 And spur'd them on to stand by those,  
 Who durst to be their Monarch's Foes;  
 And that they now should hang an *Arse*,  
 Or vary from their wonted Course;  
 Forget Their *Favours* and *Caresses*,  
 Who, by Extreame, and warm *Excesses*,  
 Had brought their B....s to a C....s;  
 Such black Ingratitude must vex,  
 The G....y and their C....e perplex;

Provoke the mildest S. . . . to Swell;  
And fret and fume like *Bottle Ale*.

But those who do alas depend,  
Upon the *Mob* to stand their Friend;  
And found *Dominion* not in *Grace*,  
But in the wav'ring *Populace*;  
Must find sometimes the giddy *Swarm*,  
Instead of Good, will do 'em *Harm*,  
And like the *Snake* exert their Pow'r,  
On those that cherish'd them before;  
So *Rusty Guns* if charg'd too high,  
Recoil when fir'd, and backward fly,  
On those who oft have kill'd their Game,  
And sported freely with the same.

There's no Dependance on a Rude,  
Distracted giddy Multitude;  
Who to each Party's *Mutual Sorrow*,  
Are high to Day, and low to Morrow;  
And by an old *Tumultuous* sort  
Of Justice, which they make their Sport.



Turn *Foes* to whom they have been *Friends*,  
 To make the suff'ring side amends ;  
 That those who laugh'd aloud at first,  
 At last may chance to come by th' worst ;  
 And those have *vice versa* next,  
 A turn to Laugh who first were vext ;  
 Thus 'tis the mode in these our days,  
 To spit our *Venom* diff'rent ways ;  
 And so by opposite Extreams,  
 Pursuant to our *Envious Whims* ;  
 Express, according to the *Fashion*,  
 Our *Spite*, by way of *Moderation*.

So the sweet Babe of *Early Wit*,  
 To please *Mamma* does *Daddy* beat ;  
 Then lest the *Dad* the *Brat* should blame,  
 It stroaks *Pappa*, and beats the *Mam* ;  
 Thus are the Infant *Rabble* taught,  
 To vex this *Party Humour* that ;  
 And learn from *Father* and from *Mother*,  
 To please all sides, one after t'other.

When

When these, the Dregs of *Humane Race*,  
By *Nature* stubborn Fierce and Base,  
Had forc'd themselves without Reward,  
Or *Thanks*, to be the Doctor's *Guard*;  
Attended on him all the Day,  
And brought him back with loud *Huzza*;  
Expressing their immoderate Joys,  
In *Jostles*, *Scuffles*, *Shouts* and *Cries*,  
And *Resolutions* to defend,  
The Rev'rend *Champion* to the End;  
Who was much troubl'd and surpris'd,  
But could not help what he despis'd.

So brave Men oft are forc'd to bear,  
Those *Flatt'ries* they abhor to hear;  
And humour noisy Crouds they hate,  
To back the *Policy* of *State*.

E'er Light was spent the Boist'rous *Flock*,  
Convey'd the Pensive *Shepherd* back;

In such wild Pomp that was unknown,  
To those who wear the *Sacred Gown*;  
That no Heroick *Royal Victor*,  
*Usurper, Gen'ral* or *Protector*;  
Could e'er be plagu'd in their *Processions*,  
With louder *Shouts* and *Acclamations*;  
As if the loose unchristian *Race*,  
Who'd long been destitute of *Grace*;  
Were now reform'd, and would declare,  
To all the Town what *Church* they were;  
In hopes their sanctify'd *Pretences*,  
Would *Varnish* o'er their *Vile Offences*;  
Or that it might the better *Skreen*,  
Some *Mist'ry* that was hid therein;  
So *Filts* wed those they ne'er affected,  
Purely t' intrigue the less suspected;  
And that the *Spouse* may bear the *Blame*,  
Of what's transacted by his *Dame*.

As soon as the *Promiscuous Rout*,  
Had giv'n the *Priest* a *Parting Shout*;

And



And lodg'd their Fav'rite, they withdrew,  
 Some new Adventure to Pursue;  
 Leaving the *Thoughtful Guide* to Ponder;  
 On those Afflictions he was under;  
 When of that noisy Clamour eas'd,  
 With which he had so long been teas'd;  
 So when a Prince has done great Feats,  
 And rides in *Triumph* thro' the Streets;  
 Tho' *Farthing Candles* please his Sight,  
 And the loud Mob his *Ears* delight;  
 He's glad, when all the *Pomp* is past,  
 To find he's got safe *Home* at last.

III. CANTO III.

On the Mob's pulling down Doctor  
B....'s Meeting-house.

**T**H' *Infernal Brood* being now abroad,  
Not Eas'ly to be tam'd or aw'd;

But like the *Dev'l* in a *Passion*,

Rais'd by unskillful *Conjuration*;

Must if they once have got their Head,

B' imploy'd before they can be laid;

Accordingly with Zeal as hot,

As *Broth* in boiling *Porridge-Pot*;

When the *Fat* leaps into the Fire,

And makes the *Liquor boil* the higher;

After some little *Consultation*,

Which way or how to vent their *Passion*;

Whether on him who'd crown'd the *Rabble*,

To make the *Sov'reign Pow'r* a Bauble;

And

And labour'd like a *Tom-a-doodle*,  
To place the *Rump* above the *Noddle*;  
Or whether they should steer their *Course*;  
And exercise their *Evil Force*  
On him that used much *Malediction*,  
Against a *Brother* in *Affliction*;  
And like a *True-Blew* Moderator;  
Would *Hang* him first, and *Try* him a'ter;  
But one, a leader of the *Brutes*,  
To put an end to all *Disputes*;  
Held forth a little to the rest;  
And thus in short his *Mind* exprest.

Should we, like *Giddy Fools*, *Despise*  
The *Priest* that does assert our *Right*;  
And gives us *Title* to *Confront*  
Our *Kings*, and call them to *Account*.  
To our own *Friends* we should be rude,  
And treat them with *Ingratitude*;  
No, should we prove so rashly blind,  
They'd dash it in our *Dish* you'd find,

And



And say, as *Pow'der* in a *Flame*,  
 Blew up the *Monk* that mix'd the same;  
 So we have made the *Priest* our *Sport*,  
 That gave us *Pow'r* to do the hurt.

These *Arguments* convinc'd the *Rout*,  
 And made the *Scoundrels* face about;  
 Who in a *Fury* Westward ran,  
 In quest of such another *Man*;  
 Who did thro' *Providence* escape,  
 The Rage of the *Misjudging* *Frape*;  
 So that with base *unhallowed* *Hands*,  
 Pursuant to the *Dev's* *Commands*;  
 Or some curs'd *Wretch* as bad as he,  
 That led the vile *Mobility*;  
 To the great *Shame* of *Humane* *Race*,  
 They sack'd the *Good* *Man's* *Holy* *Place*;  
 And there, as *Fame* reports the *Matter*,  
 Among his *Pews* made wicked *Slaughter*;  
 Leaving the sacred *Conventicle*,  
 Polluted in a shameful *pickle*;

So Rebels flush'd in *Civil Wars*,  
Who *Gallows* fear no more than *Scars* ;  
To vex the Prince that wears the *Crown*,  
Pull *Palaces* and *Churches* down:

The Sacred Fold, b'ing thus defil'd,  
And the Flocks, Pens and Hurdles spoil'd ;  
Wherein the *Sheperd's* Stiff'neck'd Rams,  
And all his pritty *Tews* and *Lambs*,  
Were by their Good old *Nursing Father*,  
Call'd twice or thrice a Week together ;  
And *Fodder'd* e'ery other Day,  
With Grace instead of *Grass* or *Hay* ;  
The *Mob* each laden with their Plunder,  
As much as they could well stand under ;  
Carr'd off the *Trophies* they had *Won*  
By the bold *Hazards* they had *Run*,  
And like successful *Soldiers* flush'd  
With *Victory* away they rush'd,  
Into a *Neighb'ring Field* that there,  
They might *Refresh* in op'ner *Air*.

And sacrifice their *Wooden Spoils*,  
In hopes their *Heath'nish* flaming *Piles*,  
Might make *Atonement* for their *Ills*;  
So *Canibals* who hold it Good,  
To prey on Humane *Flesh* and *Blood*,  
When they've subdu'd some *Wand'ring Wretch*,  
With *Fleshy Chine*, and *Brawny Britch*;  
Pick here and there a *Bit* that's best,  
Then offer to the *Devil* the Rest.

Some who defil'd the *Holy Ground*,  
With sides of *Pews* their *Noddles Crown'd*;  
Others with here and there a *Door*,  
Whose *Heads* were only *Blocks* before;  
'Tis therefore to be understood,  
They only added *Wood* to *Wood*,  
And that each *Scoundrel* had a *Skul*,  
Hard as the *Wainscot* that he stole,  
And e'ery Jot as thick and dull.

Some of the more *Revengeful Mob*,  
Who took the *Pulpit* for a *Tub*;



The *Sacred Hut* in pieces pull'd,  
Where *Pious D...l* oft had loll'd ;  
And with his *Merry Tales* diverted,  
Despairing *Saints* half broken hearted ;  
Who did not Join his *Congregation*,  
Alone for *Christian Consolation* ;  
But for the *Affable Promotion*,  
Of *Frantick Flirts* beside the *Cushion* ;  
For tho' perhaps with *Thund'ring Voice*,  
He'd *Damn* his Hearers twice or thrice,  
Yet he'd ne'er fail to treat 'em after,  
With a kind healing *Mess of Laughter* ;  
So *Quacks* or *Nurses* when they give us,  
A bitter *Potion* to relieve us,  
Pop something down that's sweet at last,  
To carry off the nauseous *Tast*.

Thus did the *Mob's* unhallow'd *Hands*,  
The *Pulpit* turn to *Fiery Brands* ;  
And, therefore, to the *Flames of Course*,  
Condemn'd the *Pews* without *Remorse* ;

As if the *Sacred Goods* had been,  
Made Privy to that *Carnal Sin* ;  
Which caus'd the *Lady* of the *House*,  
Who'd found her Man and Maid *too close*,  
To turn the *Lovers* out of *Door*,  
And burn the sinful *Furniture*.

Thus was the *Meeting* by the *Rabble*,  
Left like *Saint Paul's* when made a *Stable* ;  
The *Walls* impair'd, the *Windows* shatter'd,  
The *Roof* and all the *Building* batter'd ;  
That now it looks disrob'd of *Pews*,  
And *Pulpit*, rather like a *Stews*  
Deserted by the *Kind* and *Fair*,  
Who kept it once in good *Repair* ;  
Than like a *Meeting*, whose *Foundation*  
Stood firm on *Rock of Toleration* ;  
And that the *Magazine* of *Pow'r*,  
Had thus presum'd to pull it lower ;  
Nor is its suddain *Downfal* strange,  
Since all things upon *Earth* must *Change* ;

The *Strong*, the *Rich*, the *Good*, the *Great*,  
 Must in their *Turns* submit to Fate,  
 And holy *Places* that have been,  
 Long since the nurseries of Sin ;  
 Perhaps fam'd *Dancing Schools* before,  
 May happen to be so once more,  
 Why not, since sacred *Walls* by *Rebels*,  
 Turn'd heretofore to *Barns* and *Stables*;  
 Are now reform'd from their *Abuses*;  
 And so restor'd to *Pious Uses*.

The *Graceless Croud* thus carry'd off,  
 The *Good Man's* sacred *Household-stuff*;  
 Wasting his *Cordials* which they met with  
 In *Vestry Cubboard*, kept to whet with;  
 That e'er he climb'd the *Holy Place*,  
 To shed the *Drippings* of his *Grace*;  
 A *Coague* of some good *Housewife's* *Water*,  
 Might Chear his *Spirits*, *Strengthen Nature*,  
 And make the *Guide* hold forth the better ;  
 So *Pious Matrons* when they're past  
 Intrigue, and grow *Devoutly Chast*,

Take



Take Drams of *Comfort* e'ery Day,  
 As often as they P...fs or Pray ;  
 For most *Good Ladies* have a Notion,  
 What warms their Spirits, helps *Devotion* ;  
 From whence some *Saints* inclin'd to *Fuddling*,  
 Are most Religious when they're *Maudling*.

Nor did the *Rabble* spare his Pipes,  
 Of Mortal Clay, those *Brittle Types*,  
 Which often serv'd the *Good Old Man*,  
 To *Smoak* and *Moralize* upon ;  
 And cool him after two *Hours sweating*,  
 With over *Pains*, and over *Prating* ;  
 Yet these *Rapacious Interlopers*,  
 Turn'd all the crusty *Tubes* to *Stoppers*,  
 And strew'd about the *Wicked Weed*,  
 Like *Gard'ners* when they sow their Seed,  
 As if they thought it was no Sin,  
 To ruin what they found therein,  
 Unless the Fruits of their Abuse,  
 Should be Carr'd Home to their own Use :

Who

Who came not in such *Publick Joy*,  
To Steal, but only to Destroy ;  
So Ladies who by seeming *Force*  
Are *Ravish'd*, think they're ne'er the worse ;  
Lest they take *Money* for their *Pains*,  
And Sin for *Mercenary Gains* ;  
Or that they chance to be defil'd,  
By getting either *Pox* or *Child* ;

When each *rejoycing Brute* had brought  
His *Trophies* to th' appointed Spot ;  
They cast their *Burthens* to the *Ground*,  
And with *Huzza's* their *Labour Crown'd*,  
Believing they had done a *Deed*,  
No prosp'rous Army could exceed ;  
And that the *daring impious Pains*  
They'd taken for so *little Gains* ;  
Deserv'd the thankful *Approbation*,  
Of all *Well-wishers* to the Nation,  
Except the Saints of *Toleration*.

So *Pious Rebels* who begun,  
The glorious Work of *Forty One* ;

Thank'd

Thank'd Heav'n for all their *Hellish Murders*,  
And Joy'd amidst their *vile Disorders*,  
That *Zealous Fools* might loudly Praise,  
The Work of those *Reforming Days* ;  
And think their *Wickedness* was meant,  
T'at length produce some good Event.

In mighty *Order* now they laid,  
The *Spoils* their *Wicked Hands* had made ;  
*Pews* upon *Pews* with Art they Pil'd,  
That what they'd Plunder'd and Defil'd,  
Might first be purify'd by Fire,  
And then in *Smoak* to Heav'n aspire ;  
As if they thought the *Wicked Prize*,  
They'd stol'n, a pleasing *Sacrifice* ;  
So *Hodmontots*, because their Feasts,  
Chiefly consist of *Gutts of Beasts* ;  
They think they merit *Bliss* not *Blame*,  
In off'ring to their *Gods* the same.

When thus they'd pil'd their *Plunder* up,  
And with the *Pulpit* crown'd the *Top* ;



As if those *Heathens* who were high it,  
 Wish'd th' Owner there to Occupy it;  
 That he and's *Meetings-house* together,  
 Might both ascend the Lord knows whether;  
 And like the *Monk* to Heav'n aspire,  
 Against his Will in *Smoke* and *Fire*;  
 So Rebels in *Religious times*,  
 When *Blood* and *Theft* were thought no Crimes;  
 With others *Lives* and *Goods* made Sport,  
 Yet meant poor harmless *Souls* no hurt;  
 Sought only *Profit* and *Applause*,  
 By pushing on the Good Old Cause.

When thus the *Holy Goods* they'd spoil'd,  
 Were into one *High Mountain* pil'd;  
 And ready to receive the *Fire*,  
 By which th' were destin'd to expire:  
 A flaming *Torch* was handed to't,  
 By some bold *Sacrilegious Brute*;  
 Whose *Malice* no *Distinction* knew,  
 Between a *Babbin* and a *Pew*;

Or any Difference in his *Maggot*,  
Betwixt a *Pulpit* and a *Faggot*;  
But thought, as long as both would burn,  
That both alike might serve their turn;  
And make a *Bonfire* for the *Rout*,  
To *Hollow*, *Sport*, and *Dance about*;  
So those who, hating all that's *Papal*,  
Ransack'd the *Spanish* *Popish* *Chappel*;  
Made no *Distinction* in their *Malice*,  
'Twixt *Common Silver* and the *Chalice*;  
But like a true *Reforming* *Rabble*,  
Ev'n *Plunder'd* the *Communion Table*.

---

## CANTO IV.

*On the Mob's Revels round the  
Bon-fire.*

**T**HE Sacred Pile b'ing now in Flames,  
 To th' Grief of many Pious Dames;  
 Who wept to see the Rabble use,  
 Their Consecrated Seats and Pews;  
 Like Crazy Chairs with broken Backs,  
 And Beadsteads full of Bugs and Cracks;  
 Disabl'd by the sinful Follies,  
 Of Common Strumpets and their Bullies;  
 And from some Brothel torn away,  
 Upon an Easter Holyday;  
 At such a Merry time to please,  
 The Cropear'd London 'Prentices;  
 That they might learn when Young and Bold,  
 To Mob with better Grace when Old.



Have we, said they, on Powder-Treason,

When Bonfires are the most in Season,  
 Collected broken Tubs and Hoops,  
 To burn their Devils, and their Popes;  
 Supply'd their Wants with thin Old Groats,  
 To chear their Hearts and wet their Throats;  
 That they might Revel, Whoop and Hollow,  
 With more undaunted Zeal when Mellow;  
 Break Popish Windows where no light,  
 Appear'd to celebrate the Night;  
 Stop Coaches, and exact a Fee,  
 For crying, Down with Popery;  
 And Worry those that would not stand,  
 To hear and answer their Demand;  
 And have they now at last turn'd Tail,  
 On us that always wish'd 'em well;  
 And set them up so oft to be,  
 The Bulwark of our Libertie,

O Shame on this Ungrateful Croud,  
 The Scandal of the Multitude;

Who

Who never fail'd, we must allow,  
 To be our faithful Friends till now;  
 But always readily agreed,  
 To serve us at a *time of Needs*.

Who'd think that in these *Pious Days*,  
 They should be so depriv'd of *Grace*;  
 Who always us'd to lend the *Nation*,  
 A willing Hand tow'rds *Reformation*;  
 And at all *Seasons* were so free,  
 To pull down *Papish Tyranny*.

But now they're sunk into a *State*,  
 That's *Wicked, Base and Reprobate*;  
 And are no longer to be trusted,  
 When Matters come to be *Adjusted*.

By this, alas, it is too *Plain*,  
 There is no *Confidence in Man*,  
 O *Neighbours*! *Flesh and Elbow* we see,  
 Are *Wanton, Frail, and Slippery*;

And

And never truly, as they shou'd,  
Stand long to any *Cause* that's good;  
But soon *Draw-back*, and fall at length,  
For want of *Constancy* and *Strength*.

Alas, I'm almost spent, for why,  
Much talk has made me wond'rous dray;  
If you're not faint, I vow I am,  
Here *Neighbour*, 'tis a *Cordial Dram*;  
E'en let them take their own ill way,  
The Wind will turn and so may they.

The sober *Brethren* too beheld,  
With *Shaking Heads* the *Shining Field*;  
And with full *Hearts* and *flowing Eyes*,  
Bemoan'd the *Burning Sacrifice*;  
One would cry out in *Indignation*,  
What means this suddain *Alteration*;  
Good L...d who would have thought the *Rabble*;  
Were so ingrateful and instable;  
Have we for many *Reigns* together,  
Tutor'd and Nurs'd 'em like a *Father*;



Made them the Curb of *Sov'reign Pow'r*,  
Religion's strong defensive *Tow'r*;  
Taught them by *Clamour* how to give  
A Check to the *Prerogative*;  
To hunt down *Pop'ry* when we meant,  
To fall upon another *Scent*;  
That is, to Chase the *Government*;  
And can they now O *Brutes* declare,  
For what we know they never were;  
And tune their Old *Republick* Throats,  
To such *Prophane* ill-boding *Notes*;  
That threaten all we have projected,  
With *Disappointments* unexpected;  
So Good *Intents* in *Holy Times*,  
Of old were often constru'd *Crimes*;  
And by the *People* set at naught,  
When to a hopeful *Crisis* brought.

Have we bestow'd such *Annual Boons*,  
And Stipends on *Apollo's Sons*;  
Our gifted Brethren of the *Pen*,  
Those Pious, Learn'd and *Honest Men*;

Who

Who spread their *Morals* up and down;  
 In e'ery Corner of the *Town*,  
 That those who would *Instructions* seek,  
 Might read their *Duty* e'ery *Week*;  
 And o'er their *Coffee* for a *Penny*,  
 Ferment their *Zeal* in *Case* they've any;  
 And grow as wise in *State Affairs*,  
 As *City Aldermen* and *Mayors*;  
 That e'ery *Novice* might be taught,  
 To tell his *Brother Dunce* what's what;  
 And thwart a *Man* of twice the *Sense*,  
 With *Modish Noise* and *Impudence*.

And has all this *Expensive Pains*,  
 The *Cost* of *Money* and of *Brains*;  
 Fix'd no more *Justice* in the *Rabble*,  
 Than if our *Prints* on *Coffee-house Table*,  
 Had been no more than *Bibble Babble*.

O *Brethren*! 'tis a *Burning Shame*,  
 Our *Holy Things* should end in *Flame*;

And that the Seats of our Devotion,  
Thro' our Old Friend's *Mistaken Notion*;  
Should thus be *Plunder'd* and *Confounded*,  
By such a *Mob*, which if well founded,  
Are not true *Cavalier*, but *Roundhead*,



For look ye, *Brethren*, pray consider,  
Altho' they've stretch'd beyond their *Tedder*;  
Perhaps, Poor Lambs, they might revolt  
For *Int'rest*, then it was no *Fault*;  
Because we cannot but allow,  
That's a strange *Plea*, as things go now:  
You know sometimes for *Interest sake*,  
We take an *Oath* we mean to break;  
Step a few Yards within the Door  
O'th' *Church*, to gain a *Customer*;  
Submit to th' *Sacramental Tye*,  
When e'er we see good Reason why,  
Yet never think we're *Bound* thereby.





For since the *Wicked* do agree,  
 'Tis best for their *Security* ;  
 To fence their *Intrest* round about,  
 With *Oaths*, to keep the *Righteous* out ;  
 It always ought to be our *Care*,  
 To make a *Gap* that we may share,  
 Th' *Advantage* they would fain ingross,  
 By keeping all that's gainful close,  
 In case we had no *Ways* to Break,  
 Or Leap those *Fences* which they make,

Therefore, as *Profit* is a *Plea*,  
 For all *Out-side Conformity* ;  
 And Men may *Quarrel* or *Comply*,  
 According as their *Int'rests Lie*.

On second *Thoughts*, we should excuse,  
 The People's playing *Fast* and *Loose* ;

Provided in the end 'tis found  
That *Money* made them change their Ground;  
For *Int'rest* cannot be withstood,  
By those who're Conscious of their Good;  
No more than *Wantons* can refuse,  
Those Pleasures they delight to use.

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The End of the Fourth CANTO.

THE

Provided in the end 'tis found

that they made them change their Ground;

For Lawyers cannot be without;

THE

By those whose Conscience of their Good;

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Those Pleasures they delight to use.

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The Second Part of,  
*Vulgus Britannicus :*  
O R T H E  
British HUDIBRAS.

*Altera jam teritur multis Factionibus ætas :  
Suis & sua Sacra manibus ruunt.*

Written by the Author of the  
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*Vulgus Britannicus:*  
O R, T H E  
British HUDIBRASS.

---

Part the Second.

---

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*Vulgus Britannicus:*

OR, THE

British HUDIBRASS.

PART II.

CANTO V.

*The burning of the Clock, and the  
Speech of a Holy Brother to the  
Poor Machine, before it was com-  
mitted to the Devouring Flames.*

THE growing Flame now thiv'd apace,  
And spread its Lustre round the place;  
In Ruffling Sheets arose on high,  
And stain'd with Red the Distant Sky;



That Learn'd *Astrologers* might know,  
 By th' Heav'ns what was done *below*;  
 And in the Bright *Reflexion* see,  
 The Graceless *Rabble's* Cruelty;  
 Who danc'd and hollow'd round the Flame,  
 And loudly glory'd in their *Shame*;  
 Whilst fiery Flakes and Sparks were cast  
 From *Crackling Planks* that spit their last  
 Upon their Sweaty *Heads* and *Faces*,  
 Who'd torn them from their *Sacred Places*;  
 So *Foxes* when they're weary grown,  
 And by the *Dogs* quite hunted down;  
 At last when all *Resistance* fails,  
 They Dung and Piss upon their *Tails*,  
 And dying, whisk it in the *Eyes*  
 Of their voracious *Enemies*.

As the proud *Flames* the fiercer grew,  
 Around the Pile more *Rabble* drew,  
 Rattling their *Broomstaves*, and their *Clubs*,  
 That Foes might dread their *Knocks* and *Drabs*;

Expressing in a *Gen'ral Voice*,  
 Their mutual *Madness* and their *Joy*,  
 Jossling and thumping one another,  
 In Jest, to try each *Hardy Brother*;  
 That they might guess by this their *Clubbing*,  
 Who would, or would not stand a *drubbing*,  
 In case that they should meet and *squabble*,  
 With some resisting *Low Church Rabble*,  
 So *Bully Heftors* and *Bravadoes*,  
 Those *Hotbrain'd*, *Drunken Desperadoes*,  
 Whose *Looks* are seldom free from *Scars*,  
 Acquir'd in *Tabern-Broils* and *Wars*,  
 Fall out among themselves to try,  
 The *Courage* of their *Friends* thereby;  
 That they may know how far they'll Run  
 A *Risque*, when they're depended on,

The *Rabble* taking much *delight*,  
 To see their *Trophies* shine so *bright*,  
 Did the same *Frenetick Joy* express,  
 As on the Day of *Good Queen Bess*,

Or when th' assemble to remember,  
 The Fourth or Fifth Day of November;  
 The Kingdom say'd upon the one,  
 On t'other like to've been undone;  
 So neither Prince or Powder-Plot,  
 Should be by Protestants forgot;  
 Since most Men do affirm I know,  
 That we as many Blessings owe,  
 To One's Successes and Anointment,  
 As to the other's Disappointment;  
 We therefore ought, who can't deny  
 The wondrous Good we've reap'd thereby;  
 T' express our Joy so much the rather,  
 Cause two such Days thus Jump together.

Whilst each Lib'd Page and Courtier Form  
 That kept the S . . . s Posteriors warm;  
 Long Occupy'd by Ribw Dames,  
 Were now consuming in the Flames;  
 The Faithful Clock which oft before,  
 Had pointed to the Black of Night,



And told the *Preacher* many a time,  
 When Pig and Goose were in their *Prime*,  
 And when the *Lis'ning* Saints and Sinners,  
 Were ready for their *Courser Dinners*;  
 Was now advanc'd upon a Rail,  
 Near *Neighbour* to the *Flaming File*;  
 That as the *Hand* with leisure turn'd,  
 The *Mob* might see how fast it burn'd;  
 But as the costly Engine stood,  
 Lock'd up in *Transitory Wood*;  
 A sad relenting Son of *Grace*,  
 With weeping *Eyes* and Meager *Face*,  
 Fetch'd a deep *Sigh* before he spoke,  
 And thus bemoan'd the *Moving Clock*,

Ah Poor *Machine*, how oft alas!  
 Have I beheld thee thro' thy *Glass*;  
 And watch'd thee with a *Wishing Eye*,  
 Till th' hungry Hour of *Twelve* drew nigh;  
 That thou might'it tell our faithful *Pastor*,  
 Who long had been thy *Careful Master*;

When

When the *Fowls* waited for my *Lady*,  
 And *Alawife's* Buttock Beef was ready;  
 When *Night Cap Bakers* were about,  
 To draw their *Pies* and *Puddings* out;  
 And when his own *Cook-Maid* began,  
 To Curse him o'er the *Dripping-pan*;  
 And fret and fume for fear the *Boil'd*  
 Young *Cockrills* should, alas, be spoil'd;  
 Or that the *Turkey*, *Goose*, or *Pheasant*,  
 Sent by some *Hearer* as a *Present*,  
 Should by his over painful *Teaching*,  
 To her *Disgrace* that ruld the *Kitchin*,  
 Be pall'd, o'er roasted and unfit,  
 For such a *Fine-mouth'd Saint* to eat;  
 Who does not only truly know  
 What's Good for th<sup>e</sup> *Soul*, but *Body* too;  
 And tho' he rails at those *Ill Men*,  
 As *Hirelings*, who have *One* in *Tear*;  
 He can be *Merry*, *Brisk* and *Blith*,  
 O'er a *Fat Pig* that is no *Tyth*;  
 Tho' sent him by some *Holy Brother*,  
 Who can't afford himself another,

When

But

But 'tis allow'd our *Guides* may dine,  
 On Dainty *Bits*, and costly *Wine*;  
 Whilst we beneath their *Nursing Care*,  
 Content our selves with *Courser Fare*.

O Useful Engine! after all  
 Thy Service, must I mourn thy Fall;  
 Thou that hast not one erring Wheel  
 Within thee, made of *Popish Steel*;  
 Nor in thy Wheels one *High Church Tooth*,  
 To make thee vary from the Truth;  
 But by thy *Motions* shews thou'rt full,  
 Of *Revolution Principle*;  
 And that in spite of *Pope* thou art,  
 True *Protestant* in e'ery Part;  
 Ne'er Ran too fast, or mov'd too slow,  
 But did with *Moderation* go;  
 Nor didst thou like designing *Brother*,  
 Proceed one way, and point another;  
 But by thy constant *Course Proclaim*,  
 Thy *Hand* and *Heart* were still the same.



O wretched *Prodigy* of Art,  
 I wish I could thy *Doom* divert;  
 How gladly would I take thee Home,  
 And place thee in my finest *Room*;  
 Pray by thee twice or thrice a Day,  
 And Watch thee too as well as Pray;  
 Make thee the darling of my *Wife*,  
 Preserve thee as I would my *Life*.

But Ah, thy *Melancholy Tick*,  
 That sounds, alas, so *Death-watch* like;  
 Does to my frightened *Ears* foretel,  
 Thy Fate is irrevocable;  
 And that the *Varnish'd Case* you wear,  
 Japan'd with so much *Art* and *Care*;  
 Must soon be made, to please the *Croud*,  
 Your *Mourning Coffin* or your *Shroud*;  
 And that you've only now the *Pow'r*,  
 To point out the unhappy *Hour*;  
 Wherein your *Motion* must expire,  
 In this *Revengeful Wicked Fire*;

And

And you be made the Sport and Mock  
Of *Fools*, and cease to be a Clock;  
So fare thee well, I must forsake thee,  
The *Rogues* are coming now to take thee;

No sooner had he whisper'd forth  
These words, and told the Clock its *Worth*;  
Which on the Rail preserv'd its motion,  
Till snatch'd from thence to execution,  
But Captain *Tom* with Boatswain's *Voice*,  
Commands a File of *Jolly Boys*,  
To bring the poor condemn'd *Machine*,  
To th' flaming Pile, and cast therein  
The costly *Timist*, loudly *Crying*;  
'Twas given to Fanatick *Lying*,  
And therefore ought, says all the *Scrubs*,  
To perish with the *Tub of Tubs*;  
So in they heav'd, Time's *Mensurator*,  
Who never mov'd one Moment a'ter;  
But like a gentle *Low-Church Lamb*,  
Submitted to the *High-Church Flame*;

At parting gave the time of Day,  
And then in silence slid away.  
Thus what much *Time* and *Pains* had *Cost*,  
Was in one fatal *Minute* lost ;  
So when the Roundhead *Rabble* Reign'd,  
And *Holy Things* were much profan'd ;  
They burnt all *Popish Trinkets*, also  
Whate'er themselves were pleas'd to call so ;  
That should this prove a *Popish Plot*,  
As some say 'tis, and others not :  
They've but return'd in all this stir,  
*A Rowland for an Oliver.*

The *Tub*, the *Clock*, the *Forms* and *Pews*,  
Which *Calvin's* Saints were wont to use ;  
The *Rafters*, *Beams* and *Window Frames*,  
Were all catch'd hold of by the *Flames* ;  
So that the *Fruits* of this their *Rapine*,  
Were now past danger of escaping ;  
In Case the *Brawny Guards* from Court,  
Had come to interrupt their Sport ;



For, lo, the Ornamental Wood,  
That once in beautiful Order stood,  
And e'ery stubborn *Timber-piece*,  
Began to crackle Smoak and Hiss,  
That none could snatch away the Firing,  
Without the *hazard* of Expiring;  
Tho' some Good Men, who little thought,  
To see so sad a sight *God* not;  
In doleful *Dumps*, stood sighing by,  
And view'd the Fire with watry Eye;  
As if they meant to weep a Flood,  
That should have rescu'd if they Cou'd,  
From *Wicked Flames* the *Sacred Wood*,

So Bunting *Bells*, and Oyster *Nan*,  
Behold with *Grief* the handsome *Man*;  
Who from the *Villain's Dismal Gate*,  
Is riding backwards to his Fate;  
Attend the Wretch with mournful Cries,  
Set off with dripping *Blubber'd Eyes*;  
And wring their Hands with great *Devotion*,  
But cannot stop the Execution.

When now the *Holy Goods* were past  
 Relief, and bound to see their last;  
 And to the Noisy *Mob's* desire,  
 The Carcase of the *Raging Fire*;  
 That flaming Product of their *Fury*,  
 Was in the Zenith of its *Glory*;  
 The *Croud* to farther *Mischiefs* bent,  
 Began to think their time mispent;  
 Therefore with Captain *Tom* their *Leader*,  
 They call'd a *Council* to consider,  
 What further *Work* they'd left undone,  
 That might that *Night* be carry'd on;  
 So the *State Fox*, who with Success,  
 Has Crown'd one daring *Wickedness*;  
 Consults with some assisting *Brother*,  
 Which way to perpetrate another.

No sooner had their *Heads* been laid  
 Together, and *Proposals* made;  
 But they concluded to divide,  
 And then more *Tubs* the *Rabble* cry'd,

When

When the Herd, likeing this Advice,  
Had loudly hollow'd twice or thrice;  
To shew their *Joyful Approbation*,  
Of some new Whim in *Agitation*;  
The Captains of the bold Rascallions  
Next, form'd 'em into four *Battallions*;  
That being sev'rally imploy'd,  
Divers at once might be destroy'd;  
And the more Holy Places feel  
The sad effects of *Frantick Zeal*;  
Some shouting in a *Boistrous Throng*,  
Tow'rds *Nevel's Ally* march'd along;  
Others as loud and mad as they,  
To *Alesb'ry Chappel* made their Way;  
A third detachment of the Herd,  
For *Black Fryars Meeting-house* declar'd;  
The Fourth Division in a heat,  
Cry'd one and all for *Kerbystreet*;  
Thus wilder far than Unback'd *Horses*,  
They hollowing steer'd their sev'ral Courses;  
With equal *Resolution* bent,  
To further shew their Ill intent;

And



And not to leave one Shop of Grace,  
 They met with standing in its Place;  
 No wonder so Robust a Crew,  
 Should such Infernal Work pursue;  
 Since those in higher Stations blest,  
 Make all Religion but a Jest;  
 And by the Disregard they shew it,  
 Teach Others to be Foes unto it.

## CANTO VI.

*Their further Mischiefs, and the  
 suppressing of the Rabble, by the  
 Guards.*

**N**O sooner were each noisy Rude  
 Division of the Daring Crowd  
 Brought, by their furious Chiefs before,  
 A Meeting-Window, or a Door;  
 But Clubs and Staves, and other Tackle,  
 Soon forc'd the Boarded Tabernacle;

And

And serv'd the roaring *Desperadoes*,  
 Instead of *Bombs* and *Handgranadoes*;  
 For e'ery strong revengeful *Stroak*,  
 And eager bold destructive *Knock*;  
 Were given with so good a *Heart*,  
 They made a *Board* or *Pannel* start;  
 No artful *Strength* of *Bar* or *Bolt*,  
 Could stand so vigorous an *Assault*;  
 Where willing *Hands* in *Concord* Joyn'd,  
 Soon finish'd what the *Brutes* design'd;  
 Who ne'er stood musing shilly shall I;  
 But when they'd enter'd *Meeting Alley*,  
 Like *Furies* nimbly fell to work,  
 And did strange *Wonders* with a *Jirk*;  
 Such that amaz'd the *Suff'ring* side,  
 That nothing but the *Pope* some cry'd,  
 Or *Devil*, could bewitch the *Mob*,  
 To perpetrate so base a *Job*;  
 Thus *Sathan* often bears the blame,  
 When *Man* alone deserves the shame;  
 For some to *Good* are so averse,  
 They need no *Dev'l* to make 'em worse.

By

By their first *Rapine* made expert,  
 They plunder'd now like *Men of Art*;  
 With so much readyness run thro' it,  
 As if they'd been *Apprentic'd* to it;  
 And did their sev'ral *Meetings* gut,  
 I' th' time a *Monkey* cracks a *Nut*;  
 The sturdy *Pannels* thro' of *Oak*,  
 And stubborn *Beams* and *Boards* they broak,  
 With as much ease when Warm and Angry,  
 As they do *Pie-Crust* when they're Hungry;  
 The *Doors* from off their *Hinges* flew,  
 And Nails o' th' biggest *Size* they drew;  
 More nimbly with their *Knocks* and *Thumps*,  
 Than *Tonfor Quack* draws *Rotten Stumps*;  
 And when the active *Brutes* had done,  
 The *Second Work* they'd thus begun;  
 The *Sacred Spoils* they glean'd abroad,  
 They brought into the *Western Road*;  
 And there among the *Chane'ry Lane*,  
 Where *Sins* are punish'd oft with *Sins*;  
 And spiteful *Knaves* that love *Disputes*,  
 Give earnest for their *Duchess Sutes*;  
 By

They



They laid their broken *Plunder* down,  
Gather'd from sev'ral Parts oth' *Town*;  
That in the mid'st of that *High-street*,  
Where *Rogues* their dying *Comrades* Greet;  
As the *Pale Wretches* backwards slide,  
In Carts and Sledges to be ty'd;  
They might erect a second *Holy*  
*Bonfire*, to gratify their *Folly*;  
That they might *Revel* to their Shame,  
Like sporting *Insects* round the Flame;  
And bid *Defiance* to the *Law*,  
That does the *Sword* of *Justice* draw;  
By doing such *Abominations*,  
Before the *Lawyers* *Habitations*;  
So hardy *Rogues* to shew their *Fellows*,  
How little they regard the *Gallows*;  
Make fatal *Tyburn* but their *Scoff*,  
And Rob sometimes in sight thereof.

By that time they had brought enough,  
Of the Old *Holy Householdstuff*;

T' express their *Gladness* in a *Blaze*,  
For these our happy *Halcyon* days ;  
And that a second *Fire* might shew,  
Their *Dogstar-Zeal* still the hotter grew ;  
The Court appris'd of all the *Pains*,  
They'd taken, for no *Thanks* or *Gains* ;  
Order'd the Guards with speed to Run,  
And pay 'em for the Work they'd done ;  
Left in the height of their *Destraction*,  
They should attempt some *Nobler Action*,  
And seize the *Bank* for Satisfaction.

For tho' the *Rabble* mean no hurt,  
And only play the *Rogue* for sport ;  
Untile a *Meeting* or a *House*,  
As *Monkeys* will when broken loose ;  
And not thro' Malice, but for Pleasure,  
Do such unlucky *Tricks* as these are ;  
Yet the *Dev's* Children oft, 'tis fear'd,  
Steal in among the *Harmless Herd* ;  
And lead the thoughtless *Tools* sometimes,  
To perpetrate most scurvy *Crimes* ;

Such

Such that are shameful and unfitting,  
 For a true *Mob* of ancient *Britain*;  
 Who in past *Ages* us'd to be,  
 The Guard of *English Liberty*;  
 And would not stir against the *Laws*,  
 Except 'twas in a *Pious Cause*;  
 Such that our *Holy Brethren* hold,  
 And stand by, to be Good and Old,  
 Which has so oft involv'd the *Nation*,  
 In sad *Domestick Tribulation*;  
 A Cause so *Righteous* and *Transcending*,  
 That 'tis well worth the *Saints* defending.

But the stanch *Mob* who heretofore,  
 Were us'd to cry down *Popish Pow'r*;  
 Run headlong now beyond their Tedder,  
 As if the *Devil* was their *Leader*;  
 So those who in their Godly *Labours*,  
 Shew more *Religion* than their Neighbours;  
 Ne'er Bicker, Murmur or Repine,  
 But with a *Pious* good Design;



Yet when *Old Sathan* that fly *Wolf*,  
Ascends from his infernal *Gulf*;  
And does without suspicion creep,  
Among the *Over-righteous Sheep*;  
He sooths them oft by seeming *Friendships*,  
To Sins that misbecome their *Saintships*.

The *Guards*, each mounted for the *Fray*,  
Like *George* that did the *Dragon* slay;  
On *Bobtail Prancer*, fat and plump,  
Dock'd close unto his *Sturdy Rump*;  
With shining *Whinyard* now advanc'd,  
From *Whitehall*, to the *City* pranc'd;  
In search of those who had transgress'd  
The *Law*, and ought to be suppress'd;  
For he that does delight to see,  
The *Mob* exert their *Tyranny*;  
Deserves by way of *Fellowfeeling*,  
To have the *Rabble* sack his *Dwelling*.

The *Guards* by watchful *Spies* and *Scouts*,  
Being told by this time whereabouts

The Buify *Rout* were now imploying,  
Their *Hands* in Thieving and Destroying ;  
Suppress'd the *Brutes* in sev'ral places,  
With loaded *Backs* and sweating Faces ;  
And in the *Borders* where they found 'em,  
So guarded the *Avenues* round 'em,  
That when they saw themselves betray'd,  
Some Skulk'd, and others scour'd like mad ;  
Some threw their *Burthens* down much frightened,  
And cry'd *Peccavi*, and submitted ;  
Some fled like *Debtors* scar'd by Baliffs,  
In quest of bie ungarded *Allies* ;  
Whilst others dodg'd among the *Horse*,  
And stood a pritty shifting *Course* ;  
Till a flat stroak upon the *Crown*,  
Or cut of *Broad-sword* fetch'd 'em down ;  
Some Cowards quite confounded stood,  
And *Mercy*, *Mercy* bawl'd aloud ;  
Whilst others trembling in the *Fray*,  
Beneath the *Horses* Bellies lay ;  
Like the Poor *Dragon* that we Paint,  
Born down by th' *Capadocian* Saint ;

Some

Some Crafty *Zealots* cut and wheadl'd,  
And lying vow'd they never meddl'd;  
That they were only *Lookers on*,  
And humbly beg'd they might be gone;  
Whilst others by their *Sweaty Looks*,  
Dripping like buify *Dog Day Cooks*;  
And by their Hands with Dirt made filthy,  
Appear'd beyond *Objection Guilty*.

Thus some escap'd and fav'd their *Bacon*,  
Whilst others in the *Fact* were taken  
In Rowling up *Blackfryar's Hill*,  
A *Pulpit* tow'rds the *Flaming Pile*;  
As if the *Sacred Hut* from whence,  
The *Teacher* did such *Truths* dispense,  
Was no more vallu'd by the *Mob*,  
Than if 't'ad really been a *Tub*;  
So Rebels when they've storm'd a *Town*,  
They make *Church Riches* all their own;  
For when they've Pow'r, they're too invidious,  
To think what's gainful *Sacraligious*.



Others were catch'd with *Heavy Packs*,  
Of *Pews* they'd pillag'd, on their *Backs* ;  
As if they thought to steal and feed  
The Fire, a *Meritorious Deed* ;  
So those that do at *Skittles* play,  
Will take more *Pains* to lose and pay,  
Than at their *Labour* for *Reward*,  
Altho' it is not half so hard ;  
And all the *Reason* they have for't;  
One they call *Work*, the other *Sport* ;  
Thus the most buify *Knaves* they seiz'd,  
And the less *Guilty Fools* dismiss'd ;  
That those who most deserv'd the *Blame*,  
Might punish'd be with *Publick Shame* ;  
And those unthinking *Slaves* go free,  
Drawn in by meer *Curiosity* ;  
For he that with a *Base intent*,  
Begins those *Ills* he should prevent ;  
Is far more culpable than he,  
Wh' offends thro' meer *Conformity* ;

Or *Madman* like, at random fins,  
Without first knowing what he means.

Thus Captain *Tom* and his *Adherents*,  
Were by the *Guards* at one *Appearance*;  
Frighted from farther *Perseverance*;  
For those who did in *Triumph Roar*;  
And act such *Ills* but Just before;  
Were to their safety now inclin'd,  
And fled like *Chaff* before the *Wind*;  
For tho' the *Rabble* are as fierce,  
Whilst un-oppos'd as *Wolves* and *Bears*;  
Yet when a *Lawful Force* draws near,  
It turns their *Brutish Rage* to *Fear*.

The *Guards* thus having soon suppress'd,  
This monstrous many Headed *Beast*;  
And scar'd them back to stinking *Allies*,  
From whence at first they made their *Sallies*;  
Return'd and left the *Streets* as quiet,  
As if there had been no such *Riot*;

Whilst those *Justiciary Fools*,  
 Old *Headboroughs* and *Constables*;  
 To Neighb'ring *Prisons* lead away,  
 Th' Offenders taken in the *Fray*;  
 Treating the Tatter'd *Rakes* and *Clowns*,  
 With scornful *Pulls*, and *Haughty Frowns*;  
 So when successful *Victims* yield,  
 To their proud *Victors* in the Field;  
 Each *Conqueror* looks sternly Brave,  
 On his dejected *Captive Slave*;  
 Whose *Courage* vanishes when crost  
 By Fortune, and their *Hopes* are lost.



## C A N T O VII.

*Captain Tom's Speech to his Dispersing Brethren.*

**T**HE *Mob* thus scouring in a Hurry,  
 T' escape the *Guards* dissembl'd Fury;  
 Some tatter'd *Fragments* chanc'd to meet,  
 As flying in a mighty heat;  
 That by their Heels they now might shun,  
 The Dangers that attended on  
 Those *Impious Deeds* their Hands had done;  
 For they that make a daring push at  
 Such *Evils* that the Devil would blush at;  
 Must never on the *Cause* rely,  
 But from the *Sword of Justice* fly.

Among

Among the rest thus running Aome,  
Was that fam'd Hero, Captain *Tom*;  
Who in past *Reigns* in spite to Kings,  
Had done so many wond'rous things;  
And in perverse Rebelling *Ages*,  
Committed such bold *Sacriledges*;  
And with undaunted *Hands* effected,  
Strange Works by wiser *Heads* projected.

No sooner were these scatter'd *Troops*  
Of *Mob* (that now were past all hopes,  
Of further Mischief) reunited,  
Who'd been so very lately frightened;  
But following their *Leader's* Heels,  
Into the midst of *Lincoln Fields*;  
The sturdy Champion, then aloud,  
Cry'd halt to the *Dishearten'd* Croud;  
And being gravely fac'd about,  
Made this *Oration* to the Rout.

My

My Brethren, Countrymen, and Friends,  
We who should scorn ignoble ends;  
And with our Clubs wherein our trust is,  
Without Reward do Publick Justice;  
Should Recollect when o'er our Tipple,  
That we are now the Sov'reign People;  
No Rabble without Grace or Brains,  
Like those that punish'd Former Reigns;  
No foolish Croud, no Scoundrel Pack,  
To be at e'ery Statesman's Beck;  
No Owls to hollow up a Fool,  
That is some plotting Parties Tool;  
Nor yet such Heath'nish Brutes (God bless us)  
As some will by our Practice guess us;  
No, all our Advocates aver,  
We're now the Original of Pow'r;  
That is, the People, and have Right,  
When e'er we please, to vent our Spite;  
And hope the Kingdom will become,  
In time, a glorious Peopledom;



That we once more aloft may mount,  
And none dare call us to account.

But then, my Friends, you'll ask no doubt,  
How I thus came to lead you out,  
Against their *Meetings* who assert,  
Our *Pow'r*, and always take our Part;  
In Answer to that *Knotty Quere*,  
I never to your *Hurt* ensnare ye;  
And as to that amusing *Point*,  
I own there is a *Mist'ry* in't;  
Which tho' at present, I conceal it,  
For *Reasons*, yet will time reveal it;  
And plainly show, our only Ends,  
Were not to wrong but serve our Friends;  
Altho our good *Intentions* had,  
A *Face*, that look'd so very bad;  
So the *Fair Dame* does oft disgrace,  
With *Ugly Mask* her *Beauteous Face*;  
That when she's pleas'd to shew what's under,  
Her Charms may raise the greater wonder,

Besides

Besides, we find, that even *Watchmen*,  
Who lay so many *Traps* to *Catch-men*;  
Breaks their own *Lanthorns* in the *Scuffle*,  
To have a fair Pretence to *Ruffle*  
Those Hot-brain'd Persons in the *Squabble*,  
The Croaking Knaves design to *Bubble*.

Nay, some will scratch their very *Skins*,  
Break their own *Heads*, or bruise their *Shins*;  
Then on their *Adversaries* Charge  
The Crime, to make the *Damage* large.

Ah, *Brethren*, Int'rest mix'd with spite,  
Give wrong, sometimes, the *Face* of Right;  
And free the Guilty from the *Error*,  
Of which the *Innocent's* the Bearer.

However, should our Friends mistake,  
And think we do their *Cause* forsake;  
To th' Scandal of the *Mob* agree,  
We're guilty of *Inconstancy*;

Yet

Yet granting what they thus suppose,  
And that we really are their *Foes*;  
Yet still we're fix'd and only run,  
The *Course* that we have ever done;  
And therefore from their own *Affertions*,  
Shall clear our selves from their *Aspersions*.

For do not all the Scribes declare,  
The *High Church* but a Faction are;  
Who counter run to all those *Rules*,  
Call'd *Revolution Principles*;  
And then suppose we had been Guided,  
By them, and with their *Int'rest* sided;  
'Tis plain, we still had done no more,  
Than what we'd ever done before;  
For we at all times have been true,  
To *Faction*, and they must allow,  
By their own *Rules* we are so now.  
In Case we really stand affected,  
To th' side of which we are suspected;  
How then can those of *Conventicle*  
Assert, we're giddy, false and fickle,

Since



Since we've been ever true, they know,  
 To *Faction*, whether *High* or *Low*;  
 Therefore let them think what they will,  
 I say, *My Boys*, we're steady still;  
 To the same Cause they're always hearty,  
 Who strive against the *Rising Party*,  
 And still, whene'er they're vext and crost,  
 Oppose the side that's uppermost.

But now, my *Friends*, 'tis time to March,  
 The *Guards* are coming on the search;  
 Let's *Scour*, my *Lads*, to save our *Bacon*,  
 For *Woe* be to us if we're taken.

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F I N I S.







The Third Part of,  
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British HUDIBRAS.

Written by the Author of the  
L O N D O N S P Y.



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Part the Third.

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*Vulgus Britannicus:*  
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PART III.

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*The beating up for the Trainbands;  
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 with their Character and De-  
 portment.*

**N**OW *City Caluskin* roar'd aloud,  
 Thro' London Streets, to scare the Croud;  
 And still the more 'twas beat or plaid  
 Upon, the greater Noise it made;

N

Be.

Before the *Masters* of the *Dub*,  
 Surrounded by a *Beardless Mob* ;  
 Advanc'd a *Red-fac'd* squabby Fellow,  
 As odly shap'd as *Punchionello* ;  
 Most nobly crown'd with *Hat* and *Feather*,  
 And dress'd in *Buff* or other *Leather* ;  
 With *Truncheon* rais'd against his side,  
 To shew his *Office* and his *Pride* ;  
 And now and then extended further,  
 To keep the little *Boys* in order ;  
 Behind him came some *Halberdiers*,  
 With *Feathers* flapping round their *Ears* ;  
 And on their *Shoulders* did they bear,  
 Their desp'rate Instruments of War ;  
 Kept at the *Killing end* as bright,  
 As sturdy *Steel* of *Errant Knight* ;  
 As if they'd been just scour'd with *Whiting*,  
 Or dust of *Brick*, against their *Fighting* ;  
 Their Bodies hoop'd with *Sashes* round,  
 As tyte as *Hogsheads* Iron bound ;  
 That they might hold, in case of *Thirsting*,  
 More Drink, without the fear of *Bursting* ;

Each

Each Hero's *Stockins*, *Sash* and *Feather*,  
 All seeming to be dy'd together ;  
 That *Men* or *Boys*, who were beholders  
 Of these the Beaters up for *Soldiers* ;  
 Might know by th' Colour of their *Knots*,  
 That hung in splendor on their *Hats* ;  
 Or by the Strings that ty'd their *Hair*,  
 Of what fierce Regiment they were ;  
 So *Whiffers* on a *Lordmayor's-Day*,  
 Who walk before to clear the Way ;  
 Shew by the *Ribbons* that are hung to  
 The Noddies, who the Fools belong to,

Thus round their proper Bounds they march'd,  
 Like waxwork *Figures* stiff and starch'd ;  
 That by repeated loud *Alarms*,  
 Of Drum, the *Cits* might scour their Arms ;  
 And send their *Hireling Heroes* to  
 The usual place of *Rendevou* ;  
 That such a brave surprizing *Train*  
 Of Sworded *Boys*, and armed *Men* ;  
 Might scare the bold tumultuous swarm,  
 From madly doing farther harm ;



Or that at least it might induce,  
The Mob who were before so loose ;  
To change their *Shapes* for better *Pay*,  
And now, for half a *Crown* a Day,  
Take *Arms*, and for the present hide  
Themselves among the strongest side ;  
So Joining with the lawful *Force*,  
Wisely suppress themselves of *Course* ;  
For when in *Arms* they shew their *Faces*,  
How should they be in other *Places* ;  
So cunning *Villains* that commit,  
By Night a *Robb'ry* in the street ;  
If once they find they're close persu'd  
They slack their *Speed*, and Join the *Croud* ;  
And running on the self-same way,  
Cry out *stop Thief* as well as they.

No sooner had the *Marshal* Dub,  
Thus giv'n a *Challenge* to the Mob ;  
And call'd each *Trader* to prepare  
His *Arms* for this *Non-fighting* War ;

But e'ery willing Hero laid  
His *Business* by, to whet his Blade;  
And scour his *Firelock*, and his *Barrel*,  
Upon this unexpected Quarrel;  
That he might come himself or *Hire*  
Some Man as *Brave*, that durst to fire  
A *Musquet* that should do no hurt,  
And never start at the *Report*;  
But stand in Wet or Windy *Weather*,  
At *Corner Post* an Hour together;  
And boldly guard it in the *Night*,  
That none should reel or stagger by't;  
Without first shewing to the *Guard*,  
Good *Reasons* why he drank so hard;  
And that he was no *Mob* tho' mellow,  
But a good honest *Drunken Fellow*;  
So tatter'd *Slouch* that guards the Street,  
And crys the *Hour* in Wind and Wet;  
Will know by careful Inquisition,  
Who runs for *Midwife* or *Physician*;

The *Hour* appointed being come,  
The *Heroes* met at beat of Drum;  
And *Coblers*, 'Prentices and *Porters*,  
Forsook with Joy their Winter Quarters ;  
Like valliant *Troops* to undergo,  
The Hazard both of *Frost* and *Snow*,  
Besides the danger of the *Foe* ;  
Thus *Lazy Louts* and *Drousy Fellows*,  
Who love to hug their Downy *Pillows* ;  
Think sitting up a *Night* in Buff,  
Hard Service and sufficient *Proof* ;  
They've as much *Fortitude* to brag on,  
As Champion *George* that slew the *Dragon*,

No sooner were these Men of *War*,  
In valiant Order met to scare,  
The Hairbrain'd *Rabble* from persuing,  
Those startling *Ills* they had been doing ;  
But the *Mob* vanish'd as 'twas thought,  
Thro' fear of being *Kill'd* or *Caught* ;

When



When in reality the *Apes*,  
 Had *Proteus* like, but chang'd their Shapes,  
 For those that were the Tatter'd Slaves  
 Before, who with their *Clubs* and *Staves*,  
 Knock'd down with so much *Spite* and *Passion*,  
 The *Synagogues* of *Toleration*;  
 Had now thro' Fear of being taken,  
 Like cunning *Knaves* to save their *Bacon*;  
 Transform'd their *Broomstaves* and *Battoons*,  
 To *Backswords*, *Bandaliers* and *Guns*;  
 And so from a *Rude Mob* became,  
 The fierce *Suppressors* of the same.

So those who for one side declare,  
 That they the *Publick Wealth* may share;  
 And such abusive *Frauds* commit,  
 That put the *Nation* in a *Heat*;  
 When once they've largely made their *Fortune*,  
 By Secret means behind the *Curtain*;  
 They always then espouse that cause,  
 And give that *Party* most applause,  
 That best can skreen 'em from the *Laws*.

*Jack* Presbyter in times of *Tore*,  
 Who pull'd down *Church* and *Sov'reign Pow'r*;  
 When *Restoration* did appear,  
 Turn'd tail on their own side, thro' fear;  
 And then cry'd hey for *Cavalier*.

To back their *Military Guard*,  
 They added now the *Watch* and *Ward*;  
 Wherein the *Midnight Parish Croakers*,  
 Old *Tiplers* and *Mundungus Smokers*;  
 Swaddl'd in *Rags* hoop'd round with *Leather*,  
 To keep their tatter'd *Frize* together;  
 With *Faces* stern as frightful *Vizards*,  
 And *Beards* that made them look like *Wizards*:  
 Were Join'd with some more young and lusty,  
 With *Skins* like *Bacon Fat* when rusty;  
 Who seem'd to be a part of those,  
 'Gainst whom they now appear'd as *Foes*;  
 And that they'd still more *Inclination*,  
 To Join the *Rabble* on occasion;  
 Altho' their *Brainless Head* had chose 'em,  
 In case they met 'em to oppose 'em.

So the same *Gang* that steal a *Brace*  
Of *Bucks* from *Forrest*, *Park*, or *Chase* ;  
If they're but unsuspected *Neighbours* ;  
That gain their *Livings* by their *Labours* ;  
The *Keeper* will in friendship call 'em,  
To go in quest of those that stole 'em ;  
Who join him laughing in their *Sleeves* ;  
To think themselves the very *Thieves*.

Each *Parish Watch-house* now was lin'd,  
With *Crazy Sots*, some *Lame*, some *Blind* ;  
And *lazy Louts* more fit to play  
The *Rogue*, than scare the *Rogues* away ;  
From whence sometimes they made their *Sallies*,  
And walk'd their *Rounds* thro' *Streets* and *Allies* ;  
Lead now about i'th' *Face* oth' *Light*,  
By the stern *Rulers* of the *Night* ;  
Who look'd almost as much like ill Men,  
As *Judas* and his train of *Billmen* ;  
When going to betray his Lord  
And *Master*, for a small *Reward* ;



Some *Dirty*, others *Drunk* and *Drousy*,  
 Some *Scarecrows* shrugging as if *Lousy*;  
 Some in *Fur Caps*, in which they lay  
 At Night, and wore the same by day;  
 All arm'd with mighty *Staves* whose strength  
 Appear'd in thickness and in length,  
 Which as they crept along, the *Drones*  
 Knock'd down so hard upon the *Stones*,  
 As if they us'd their *Clubs* for *Hammers*,  
 To serve instead of *Paviers Rammers*;  
 Or that each furly tatter'd *Slave*,  
 Meant by the noisy *Thumps* they gave;  
 To signify themselves to be,  
 The *Riff Raff* of *Authority*;  
 So *Tinkers* who Repair old *Bellows*,  
 And mend our *Pots* and *Sausépans* tell us,  
 By thumping loud on *Brasen Kettle*,  
 The sturdy *Knaves* are men of *Mettle*.

The *City* and *Suburbian* Borders,  
 Thus fill'd with *Soldiers* and with *Warders*;

Who

Who like stern *Heroes* march'd about,  
 In quest of the *Rebellious Rout* ;  
 Resolving if they could but meet 'em,  
 To take 'em or at last to beat 'em ;  
 But all their Searches were in vain,  
 The Mob were now *Low-Church* again ;  
 And all the *Jesuits* and *Priests*,  
 Were safely crept into their *Nests* ;  
 That looking out for *High-Church* Plotters,  
 And those that were the Rout's *Promoters* ;  
 Was now but seeking we may say,  
 A *Needle* in a Truss of *Hay* ;  
 'Tis plain because the silly *Elves*,  
 Forgot to look among themselves ;  
 For *Watching*, *Warding*, and *Trainbanding*,  
 Tho' Customs of an ancient standing ;  
 Are thought by some but little better,  
 Than *Mobing* in another Nature ;  
 Therefore whene'er those crafty Sirs,  
 That are the Cities *Governours* ;  
 Think fit to raise their armed force,  
 All other *Mobs* must cease of course ;

96 C A N T O IX.

For those that *Mob*, like noisy Knaves,  
Against the *Law*, with Clubs and Staves;  
When the Drum beats, will gladly run  
To Mob more safe with Sword and Gun.

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C A N T O IX.

*The Peoples Clamours at the Charge  
of Warding and Trainbanding.*

**F**resh *Clamours* now arose about,  
The *Charge* occasion'd by the *Rout*;  
Which gave the Mod'rate Saints a *Handle*,  
To Curse the *Priest*, *Bell*, *Book* and *Candle*;  
Charging the long expensive guarding,  
Their *Double Watching*, and their *Warding*  
On him; when 'twas their Moderation  
That gave the very first Occasion:  
So *Country Knaves* that Love the *Law*,  
Break their own Fence to have a Claw,

Against



Against some *Neighbour*, and to pound  
Whate'er they catch within their *Ground*.

The *Constables* now rang'd their *Wards*,  
To collect *Money* for their *Guards*;  
And huff'd and strutted at the *Doors*  
Of all their *Poor Parishioners*;  
Opprest the needy with *Pretences*,  
Of being at such vast *Expences*;  
That should their *Pay* be still more large,  
It would not half defray the *Charge*;  
When their own *Pockets* daily shar'd,  
Much more than all their *Drowsy Herd*;  
The *Poor* they hector'd to *Compliance*,  
Whilst the *Rich* bid the *Knaves* *Defiance*;  
And wisely knew the cunning *Cheat*,  
Because themselves had practis'd it;  
When in their *Parishes* they bore,  
The self-same *Office* heretofore;  
Thus always those that have the least  
To guard themselves, are most oppress'd;

Whilst

Whilst he that's *Rich* tho' ne'er so base,  
 Shall favour find in e'ery Case.

Long Staves were now set up by Scores,  
 Without side of their *Watch-house Doors*;  
 To make all those that chanc'd to view 'em  
 Believe they'd Men belonging to 'em;  
 When all the Feeble *Parish Guard*,  
 The careful *Constable* had hird,  
 Were four or five poor crazy *Wretches*,  
 Who scarce could crawl without their *Crutches*;  
 But wanted *Staves* to walk about,  
 Because they could not go without;  
 Yet *Midnight Magistrate* to gull  
 The *Parish*, make them pay their full,  
 As if their *Watch* and *Ward* were able,  
 To thrash the *Jackets* of the Rabble;  
 When they're too crazy in a Fray,  
 To stand, or yet to run away;  
 But if attack'd by three old *Wives*,  
 Must cry out *Mercy* for their *Lives*;

There-

Therefore how grand a Cheat it is,  
 To pay for such a *Guard* as this;  
 Who in a dang'rous time of need,  
 Have neither *Courage*, *Strength* or *Speed*,  
 To help themselves or us, in case,  
 We want Assistance in *Distress*;  
 I therefore hope with all Submission,  
 'Twill not amount to a Digression;  
 If by the way I give a Sketch,  
 Of a true Smoak-dry'd *City Watch*.

They commonly consist of *Fellows*,  
 At first made *Beggars* by the *Alehouse*;  
 Where day by day they us'd to sot,  
 At *All-fours*, *Cribidge* or at *Put*;  
 And Range *Moorfields* sometimes to find,  
 A set of *Ninepins* to their Mind;  
 Or run a Mile to spend a day,  
 At *Shovel-board*, or such like play;  
 Till by their *Guzling* and *Neglect*  
 Of Work, for what they more affect;

They



They lose their *Business*, and at length  
Their *Credit*, and when old their *Strength* ;  
Then when they're *Crazy*, stiff an *Cripp'l'd*;  
Quite surfeited with *Belch* they've tippl'd;  
And to the *Parish* must become,  
Thro' *Age* and *Weakness* burthensome ;  
And have thro' carelessness been thrown  
From Houses, once perhaps their own ;  
They're chose by the *Parochial Powers*;  
To be a hopeful Guard to *Ours* ;  
When from their own they run away  
By Night, not minding them by Day ;  
But who would trust a *Bankrupt Knave*;  
Not worth a *Groat*, with all they have ;  
Or make him *Guardian* of his *Child*,  
Whose own had by himself been spoil'd.

Thus thro' *Compassion* when decay'd,  
They're Staff and *Lanthorn Champions* made ;  
And now they take themselves to be  
*Strange Scarecrows* of *Authority* ;

Like *Bats* and *Owls* they shun the Light;  
And prove most noisy in the *Night*;  
In *Holes* and *Cocklofts* sleep by day,  
And in the Dark look out for *Prey*;  
Grow proud and saucy which they learn  
Of Parish *Beadle* stiff and stern;  
Sworn in a *Constable* to save  
From Midnight Damps, some *Wealthy Knave*:  
Who scorns the *Wooden Chair* of State,  
That keeps the *Bulbeef Magistrate*,  
From his *Wife's* warmer Arms so late.

When thus the *Poor Nocturnal Elves*,  
Have got a *Leader* like themselves;  
They triumph then at past *Eleven*  
O'er all that to the *Cup* are given;  
By saucy Provocations cause;  
Mad drunken *Rakes* to break the Laws;  
And by warm irritating *Words*,  
Excite them to unsheath their *Swords*;  
That when they scarce can stand alone,  
Their *Merc'less Staves* may fetch 'em down;

Break their own *Lanthorns* to recover  
More Damage when the *Fray* is over;  
Then haul 'em in like *Dogs* before  
The Hireling *Deputy* in *Pow'r*,  
Who Knits his *Magisterial* Brow,  
And after asking where and how;  
Knocks his *Staff* hard upon the *Floor*,  
And sternly cries, *I'll hear no more*;  
*What draw their Swords*; go see 'em *frail*,  
*I charge you, in at Counter-Gate*;  
*And I shall find a way to morrow*,  
*To tame their Courage to their Sorrow*;  
Thus are they hurry'd over *Night*  
By th' *Watch*, to *Jail* by *Candlelight*;  
And the next Day when brought before  
Sir *Grim*, must pay for many more  
*Rash Oaths* and *Curses* than they *swore*;  
Nay, and make *Good* before they're freed,  
Those *Damages* they never did;  
Pay *saucy Watch* and *Conynobble*,  
Full Satisfaction for their *Trouble*,  
And so Good-morrow *Mr. Bubble*.

These



These are the honest means they use,  
 Not to protect but to abuse;  
 Nor do they watch but with intent  
 To do those Ills they should prevent;  
 The Thieves in *London* seldom Rob  
 By *Night*, or undertake a Job,  
 But that they may the better do it,  
 They make a *Watchman* privy to it;  
 The *Whore* that plies at *Tavern* late,  
 And to her *Lodging Carr's* her Mate;  
 Is always with the *Watch* in fee,  
 Within her stroling *Liberty*;  
 That she at *Twelve* or *One* may lead,  
 Some drunken *Cully* to her Bed;  
 Without the fear of being hurry'd  
 To have her sinful *Back* new curry'd:  
 So he that holds a gainful place,  
 Where Riches may be got apace;  
 Bribes him that is a *Check* upon him,  
 That when he once by *Gold* has won him,

He then may play the *Kpave* securely,  
 Deceive and pinch the Publick hourly,  
 As many do that look demurely.

## C A N T O X.

*The Disputes and Squabbles of different Parties in a Tavern-Kitchen.*

**W**HEN thus the *Rabble* were become  
 A *Lawful Mob* by Beat of Drum;  
 And many who by *Pains* and *Sweatings*,  
 Had gutted and until'd the *Meetings*;  
 Were now imploy'd as careful *Warders*  
 To hinder and suppress *Disorders*;  
 'Twas then all sides began to shew  
 Their *Teeth*, and their old spite renew;  
 And with invet'rate *Tongues* express,  
 Their *Jarring Zeal* and *Eagerness*;  
 Each *Tavern-Kitchen* where *Old Sots*  
 Were us'd to nod, o'er *Half-pint Pots*;

And

And *Amicably* chat together,  
 About the *Wars*, or else the *Weather*;  
 Grew now as noisy to the full,  
 As *Billingsgate* or *Hockley-Hole*;  
 When *Fishwives* in a *Rage* are prating,  
 Or when the *Bull* or *Bear* are baiting;  
 So Nations which have long been blest  
 With *Ease*, and *Downy Peace* possess;  
 By sudden *Strife*, and *Tongue Contention*,  
 Become the *Nurs'ries* of *Dissention*.

In a warm *Corner* near the *Rang*,  
 Sits one, perhaps, just come from *Change*;  
 Who when he speaks is proud to show,  
 If he's of any *Church*, 'tis *Low*;  
 No sooner has he drank a *Glass*,  
 But to proclaim himself an *Afs*;  
 The *Rev'rend Doctor* to be sure,  
 Must be revil'd for *Half an Hour*;  
 And fifty *Lies* let loose to *Blacken*  
 The *Man* they had so much *Mistaken*;

Hoping



Hoping, in vain, by such *Discourse*,  
 To make his *Cause* appear the worse;  
 And thro' his Sides to wound the *Church*;  
 Th' *Apostate Tool* had left ith' *Lurch*;  
 So he who leaves a *Virtuous Wife*,  
 To indulge a loose and *Vicious Life*,  
 Tho' she be prudent, *Just* and *Holy*,  
 Will charge his *Baseness* on her *Folly*.

Perhaps another *Hungry Sinner*,  
 Preferring *Bus'ness* to his Dinner;  
 Has got before him for *Relief*,  
 A *Cutlet*, or a *Steak of Beef*,  
 To stay his *Craving Stomach* till  
 He marches *Home* t' a better *Meal*;  
 But being highly pleas'd to hear,  
 What mighty *Crimes* were made appear,  
 Against the *Man* at whom they *Level'd*  
 Their *Spite*, as if they were *Bedevil'd*;  
 His swelling *Malice* and his *Heat*,  
 Scarce gives him time to chew his *Meat*;

But

But, some *Opprobrious Word's* between  
 Each bit, must ease his rising *Spleen*;  
 Now down one hasty *Mouthful* goes,  
 Then up some envious *Lie* he throws;  
 Till betwixt eating fast and *Lying*  
 He's *Choak'd* with Food, and *Falsifying*;  
 So she wh' against her *Spouse* Rebels,  
 And *Scolds* and *Chatters* at her *Meals*;  
 When she's inclin'd to make a *Fraction*,  
 Will rather lose the *Satisfaction*  
 Of eating peaceably in silence,  
 Than *Curb* her *Tongue*, and check her *Violence*.

A *Third*, perhaps, takes this *Occasion*  
 Of setting forth what *Veneration*  
 He has for that *Learn'd Guide* that writ,  
 To shew his *Head*, in spite of *Wit*,  
 As weak and crazy as his *Feet*;  
 Crying alas, 'twas wondrous hard,  
 Such *Merit* should have no *Reward*;  
 For giving to the *People* more  
 Than even God had given before;

And

And for discov'ring to *Mankind*,  
 Those *Truths* we in no *Scripture* find;  
 Affirming *Crowns* were first bestow'd,  
 Not by *Good Heav'n*, but by the *Croud*;  
 That from their *Voice* all *Pow'r* descended,  
 And on their *Whimsies* still depended;  
 So crafty *Scholars* may by force  
 Of *Logick*, prove a *Man* a *Horse*;  
 But when they've done, he is no more  
 A *Horse* or *Gelding* than before.

Next these perhaps the surly *Spawn*  
 Of some *Rebellious Puritan*;  
 Whose *Heath'nish Principles* unbounded,  
 Declare him to be truly *Roundhead*;  
 Sits growling o'er his *Wine* alone,  
 Like a *Curs'd Mastiff* o'er a *Bone*;  
 Expressing e'ery thing he says,  
 In true *Fanatick Calv's-head Phrase*;  
 Railing at *Bishops* and at *Kings*,  
 As *Popish Antichristian Things*;



As, if he thought the strength of Reason,  
Consisted in *Notorious Treason*;  
And that it gave convincing Force,  
To his dull scandalous *Discourse*;  
So she that from the Brewhouse brings  
Small Tiff in *Tubs* that hang on *Sliings*,  
Believes the louder still she Scolds,  
The stronger *Argument* she holds;  
And that the greater noise she makes,  
The more she to the *Purpose* Speaks.

Among these Church and Monarch Haters,  
Perhaps a brace of Moderators  
Sit tippling as we oft have seen 'em,  
With little *Buffet-stool* between 'em;  
These are the *Janus* looking Fools  
The *Faction* work with as their Tools,  
Who with Church Discipline Concede,  
Yet strongly for Dissenters plead;  
And for the sake of Peace and Union;  
Altho' they're of the Church Communion;

Comply with e'ery thing that shows  
They're *Friends* to them that are her *Foes*,  
And prove ill enemies to such,  
As they think love the *Church* too much ;  
Rail at those *Men* who venture most,  
To save her when in *Storms* she's tost ;  
And on their *Shoulders* lay the blame,  
Of others that deserve the shame ;  
Join with the *Saints* in *Tavern Squabbles*,  
To pelt 'em down with *Lies* and *Fables* ;  
And with impatient *Warmth* decry,  
Their *Vertue* and *Integrity* ;  
Yet can with wondrous *Zeal* assert,  
They *Love* the *Church* with all their *Heart* ;  
Tho' they serve *God* but little better,  
Than those that think there's no *Creator* ;  
So *Libertines* we find will swear  
Much Love unto the *Spotless Fair* ;  
When all their *Ends* are to deceive 'em,  
First to debauch 'em, then to leave 'em :

So those who stile themselves the Low,  
To *Church* instead of *Meeting* go,  
Only to bend Her to their *Bow*.

Among this *Kitchin* Crowd of *Sinners*,  
Who love to be the Warm *Beginners*  
Of such Disputes, from whence arise,  
Hard *Words* and *Animosities*;  
Perhaps there sit some Friends that show  
Themselves as high as th' other *Low*;  
Who hating the *Fanatick* short-pot  
Are gather'd round the noble *Quart-pot*;  
That they may Drink a *Health* to those  
Who love the *Church*, and not her *Foes*;  
And wish *Conversion* unto all,  
Who strive in vain to Work her fall;  
Yet shew as great a *Detestation*,  
Of *Pope* and *Popish* *Innovation*,  
As any down-look'd Son of *Grace*  
That wears his *Conscience* in his Face;  
And fills his Breast where that should be,  
With *Malice* and *Hypocrisy*;



So a close *Stool* with *Cedar Case*,  
May for a Nest of Drawers pass;  
But if you look within you'll find,  
'Tis but with Odious *Balsam* lin'd;  
And tho' without set off and painted,  
It is not what it represented.

When thus the *Tavern-Kitchen's* throng'd,  
With Men so differently tongu'd;  
Some tipling *Claret*, others *Whitewine*,  
In both but very little *Rightwine*;  
No sooner does God *Bacchus* steal,  
Into their *Brains* and warm their *Zeal*,  
But each sets up himself to be  
Down right *Infallibility*;  
And talks as if he was at least,  
A *Judge*, a *Statesman*, or a *Priest*;  
And that he knew much more than they,  
Whom 'twas his Duty to obey;  
One in the *Scriptures* would be dabbling;  
And about saving Grace be squabbling;

Till he had o'er his *Pipe* and *Pint*,  
 Knock'd all *Religion* out of *Joint*;  
 And turn'd his *Saintlike Moderation*,  
 To *Madness*, *Folly*, *Spite* and *Passion*;  
 So she that does her *Vices* skreen,  
 With *Puritannick Dress* and *Mein*;  
 And shews us in her study'd *Face*,  
 Dissembled *Modesty* and *Grace*;  
 Warm her with *Wine* and you'll discover,  
 The *Saint* to be a *Whore* all over;  
 For no designing *Knave* or *Lass*  
 Can stand the *Test* of *Bowl* or *Glass*.

A second then with spiteful *Mouth*,  
 Most gravely tells you for a *Truth*;  
 That the late rising of the *Rout*,  
 Does plainly prove, beyond all doubt,  
 To be a Wicked *Popish Plot*,  
 Contriv'd by a *Rebellious Knot*  
 Of *Papists* harb'ring in the *Nation*,  
 To spoil the *Peace* in *Agitation*;

That

That the *High Church* did also Join  
 To carry on the *Grand Design*;  
 And that five *Jesuits* who were known,  
 Were seen to lead the *Rabble* on;  
 And to excite 'em to go thro'  
 The *Mischiefs* they had then in view;  
 And that for certain some we'd taken,  
 Would tell the *Truth* to save their *Bacon*;  
 Thus *Bastard Mischief* never wants  
 A Father here whilst we have *Saints*;  
 Who always swear the *Wicked Brat*,  
 Upon the *Party* that they hate.

A Third Man in a mighty *Passion*,  
 Forgetting all his *Moderation*;  
 Charges the Rising of the *Mob*,  
 Point blank upon the *Holy Robe*;  
 And consequently does not fail,  
 To maul the *Doctor* Tooth and Nail;  
 And with much *Pleasure* Jirks the *Church*,  
 As if his *Words* were *Rods of Birch*;



Yet all the time that he's so warm,  
 Will cry he means the *Church* no harm;  
 So the *Base Coward* have I heard  
 Abuse the very *Man* he's as feard  
 Behind his Back, and yet pretend,  
 In the same *Breath* to be his Friend.

At length the *High Church* take Offence  
 At so much wild *Impertinence*;  
 And with a stern and manly heat,  
 Their *Low Church* Argument defeat;  
 Now *Pro* and *Con* they Talk and Rattle,  
 Till their warm Words presage a *Battle*;  
 Provoking *Heaths* two are begun  
 To spur the growing *Contest* on;  
 And large *Confronting Bumpers* pass  
 To shew their Spite in e'ery *Glass*;  
 Till at length Drunk and Mad between,  
 The heat of *Wine*, and that of Spleen;

Their

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Their mutual *Rancour* fiercer grows,  
 And then they fall from *Words* to *Blows*;  
 One with a stout *S.....l* Cuff,  
 Soon gives his *Low Church* Foe enough;  
 Another *High Church* Friend as proudly;  
 Subdues a Saint that cry'd up *H.....y*;  
 Thus those who by reviling first  
 Begot the *Fray*, came off by th' worst;  
 And stood convinc'd their *Cause* was bad,  
 By the shrewd Knocks and Thumps they had;  
 For *Blows* we find sometimes prevail,  
 When other Arguments shall fail;  
 As *Laws* severe, well us'd in Season,  
 Convince the stubborn more than Reason.

---

The Reader is desir'd to dash out the Word *Lesser*,  
 in Page 12. Line 1. in the First Part.

It was by mistake that the Motto was put to the second  
 Part.

F [ I N ] I S.







The Fourth Part of  
*Vulgus Britannicus:*  
O R, T H E  
British HUDIBRAS.

In Two C A N T O S:

On the Coffee-House Mob, or Debates *Pro*,  
and *Con*, on the Times.

A Character of several Sorts of *Whigs*, and  
*False Brethren*, that are Enemies to the Church.

On the *Paper-War* betwixt *High* and *Low-Church*.

The *Loyal Englishman's* Prayer for the *Queen* and  
Church.

---

Written by the Author of the  
*London Spy*.

---

L O N D O N

Printed : and Sold by JAMES WOODWARD, in  
St. Christopher's Church-Yard, near the *Royal Ex-*  
*change* ; and JOHN MORPHEW, near *Stationers-*  
*Hall*. M DCCX.

Where may be had the First, Second, and Third Parts:

The

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Book

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*Vulgus Britannicus:*  
OR, THE  
British HUDIBRASS.

---

PART IV.

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CANTO XI.

*Of Libels, Authors, and the several  
sorts of Persons who are the  
heightners of our Divisions.*

THE *Fleetstreet* Presses now grow bold,  
And num'rous *Lies in Print* were told;  
One *Libel* gave another chase,  
And *Paper Wars* came on a pace;

Hawkers, like *Wild-geese* flew along  
In *Trains*, and cackl'd to the Throng;  
Stretch'd wide their *Throats*, and strain'd their *Vitals*,  
To tempt both *Parties* with their *Titles*;  
Adding to all their senseless *Stuff*,  
S.....'s Name to push it off;  
That *Fame* unfully'd might disguise,  
And give a Sanction to their *Lies*;  
So he that at a publick *Table*,  
For Truth reports some monstrous *Fable*,  
Fathers th' incredible *Narration*,  
On some Great Man of *Reputation*;  
That his own wild and senseless *Fiction*,  
May pass more free from *Contradiction*.

Some wand'ring *Scriblers* for the *Cause*,  
Skreen'd from the Danger of the *Laws*;  
Now took the *Low-Church* Cudgel up,  
To give their *High-Church* Foes a Wrap;  
And brandish'd it Hand over Head,  
Not caring what they did or said;

Perhaps “ *No Drunkards or Vain Swearers,*  
Yet given to more sinful Errors;  
Fraud, Malice, Lying, Defamation,  
Revengeful false *Insinuation*;  
And Crimes to their Eternal *Shame*,  
Too black and scandalous to Name;  
Thus Villains of the deepest Blot,  
May freely tell us what they’re not;  
But they are only Just that dare,  
To truly shew us what they are.

These arm’d with *Impudence* and *Spite*,  
Began to *Rail*, that is, to *Write*;  
For no Fanatick *Riming Brother*  
Can well do one without the other;  
Since Scandal is to *Low-Church Wit*,  
The very same as *Salt to Meat*;  
Therefore no *Reader* ought to wonder,  
If the *Goose Sauce* should serve the *Gander*.

But now, as I before was saying,  
The spiteful Asses would be braying;



And e'ery *Low-Church* Scribe to Mall,  
The *Doctor*, dip his *Pen* in Gall;  
That with Ignoble *Heat* and *Passion*,  
They might lay hold of this Occasion,  
To spit their *Venom* and their *Hate*  
At him, beneath the *Frowns* of *State*,  
So the brave *Stag* that stands at *Bay*,  
Unwilling to become a *Prey*;  
When once the stanch old *Dogs* have thrown him,  
The *Puppies* then fall in upon him.

The *Coffee Tables* now were spread,  
With all the worst that could be said;  
And the two Good old *Cause Asserters*,  
Read most by *Coblers* and by *Porters*;  
Were by the *Saints* kind *Intercession*,  
Receiv'd again on this Occasion,  
By Houses here and there from whence,  
They had been Kick'd and Spew'd long since;  
Hoping their *Talents* might prevail,  
At such a time to turn the *Scale*;

And

And that their Mutual *Forces* Join'd,  
Harnafs'd with *Wit* so much refin'd;  
And so adorn'd instead of Sense,  
With Trappings of *Falsiloquence*,  
Might draw misjudging *Fools* to be,  
In Love with their *Sincerity*;  
That they might send a *Hand* to save,  
A Cause that would themselves enslave;  
Which Pious Work as carry'd on,  
Might soon effectually be done;  
Would we for *Scripture* read Reviews,  
Con *H...y's* Works instead of *News*,  
And Pin our *Faith* in all State Matters,  
On Wise *North Brittish* Observators;  
But those who once have got a Name,  
For trading with *Fallacious Fame*;  
When they speak Truth, 'tis thrown away,  
'Cause none will Credit what they say.

However, num'rous *Lies* like Weeds,  
Sprang up from Old *Fanatick Seeds*;

And

And tho' they little Rooting had,  
 The thriving *Cockle* spread like mad;  
 Audacious *Scandals* now were thrown,  
 By Atheists, at the *Rev'rend Gown*,  
 Who basely Labour'd to revile  
 The *Priests* with Craft the *Church* with Guile;  
 And rav'd and rattled in their Heat,  
 As if they really did conceit,  
 Religion but an *Ancient Cheat*;  
 So he that is to *Vice* resign'd,  
 And does no *Law* Eternal mind;  
 Would fain believe to mend the *Matter*,  
 There is no *Punishment* herea'ter.

Each *Coffeehouse* where the *Saints* were wont  
 To read dull *News*, and Preach upon't;  
 Was now into a *Bedlam* turn'd,  
 Where one side Laugh'd, and t'other Mourn'd;  
 As if the sober plodding *Knave*  
 That look'd disconsolately Grave,  
 Was grown quite Melancholly Mad,  
 To see his *Opposites* so glad;

Who



Who in return were laughing wild,  
To see the *Saints* so tame and mild;  
After they'd been so crowing sure  
Of winning *All* some Weeks before;  
So he that does at *Hazard* play,  
And stakes his all at best oth' lay;  
If *Fortune* treats him with Disdain,  
And sends the *Chance* before the Main;  
The Purbblind *Gipsy* he reviles,  
Scratches his *Ears*, and bites his *Nails*;  
Whilst he that Wins with *Pleasure* Smiles.

}

Some *Saints*, whose mod'rate Zeal extended,  
Before the *Trial* quite was ended,  
To *Hanging*, *Gelding*, so untow'rd  
A Doom, their very *Wives* abhor'd;  
Or *Banishment*, the Lord knows whither,  
And that to be at least for ever;  
When all was over were again,  
Become such soothing mod'rate Men;  
That now they tun'd their *Tongues* and *Throats*  
Another way, and chang'd their *Notes*;

As

As if the *Ventholes* of their *Passion*,  
Were double *Cruits* on occasion ;  
That as they pleas'd to *Frown* or *Smile*,  
Could pour out *Vinegar* or *Oyl* ;  
So *Esop's Satyr* we are told,  
With the same *Breath*, blew *Hot and Cold*.

Others as *Resolute* and *fierce*,  
As *Bull-dogs* scorn'd to hang an *Arse* ;  
And since they'd shewn themselves so violent,  
Would neither *Modest* prove or *Silent* ;  
But even rend their *Spiteful Jaws*,  
To rail at those that try'd the *Cause* ;  
Because they would not be severer,  
In punishing so great an *Error* ;  
And shew themselves more rash than they  
That hop'd to make the *Church* their *Prey* ;  
And by triumphing o'er the *Priest*,  
Turn *Sacred Truths* into a *Jest* ;  
Because not model'd to the spite,  
Of each *Fanatick Hypocrite* ;

Who always were too Warm to hear,  
Their Failings with a Patient Ear ;  
So he that knows himself a Knave,  
If call'd so, will in Passion Rave,  
And in his Vindication Cry ;  
Tho' true, 'tis a Nororious ly,  
And to preserve, when vex'd and mad,  
His good Name, which he never had ;  
Will Sue the Man with all his might,  
For only saying what is Right.

Another sort of Men there are,  
Who neither Love or Malice bear  
To any Side ; but dull as Brutes,  
Without Concern hear all disputes :  
And void of thought as Lifeless Clay,  
Sit and say nothing either way,  
Because they nothing have to say ;  
Passive in e'ery thing they seem,  
Their Lives are one Continu'd Dream,  
As if their Parents drunk or sick,  
And Natures forces very weak ;



Had in their Sleep begot 'em a'ter,  
A Droufie dose of *Poppy Water* ;  
And that they'd never truly been  
Awak'd, since first Conceiv'd in Sin ;  
These never any diff'rence knew,  
Betwixt the *Christian* or the *Jew* ;  
But would be equally Content,  
With any *Church* or *Government* ;  
Yet for their harmless Temper pass,  
With e'ery mild unthinking Ass ;  
For Prudent Men of *Peace* that Hate  
Contention, *Squabble* and *Debate* ;  
When all their Calm indifference,  
Ascrib'd to *Modesty* and *Sense*,  
A Man of *Brains* may plainly see,  
Is but profound Stupidity ;  
So he that Padlocks up his *Chaps*,  
May pass for a Wise Man perhaps,  
Who if Examin'd would be found,  
An *Empty Vessel* full of *Sound*.

Others

Others there are *Nurfs'd* up in *Craft*,  
Of all that's truly Good *Bereft*,  
Who guess *Religion* but a *Mode*,  
Ordain'd by Man and not by *God* ;  
And therefore think that they may *Chuse*,  
Or Change their *Faith* as Men their *Shoes* ;  
And that it is most safe to trust,  
In what so e'er Climbs uppermost ;  
Believing Int'rest is the *Root*,  
Of all Opinions now on *Foot* ;  
And that the Man that does but say,  
His *Pray'rs* to her, can never Stray,  
Or be a *Sinner* in the Main,  
That measures *Godliness* by gain ;  
These with the *Stream* in Confort Glide,  
And humour each Revolving *Tide* :  
Appear in *Puritannick* *Dresses*,  
And Cheat the *World* with Holy *Faces* ;  
The *Saints* in full *Communion* join  
Not thro' *Devotion* but design ;

And in their looks and mean display,  
Full as much *Sanctity* as they ;  
Yet darling Int'rest still persue,  
In er'e thing they say or do,  
Ne'er talk with heat to give Offence,  
But Coax all sides to gain the *Pence* ;  
That should some unexpected *Blow*,  
Restore the *High* and crush the *Low* ;  
They might forsake when Int'rest calls,  
Their *Modish* meeting for St. *Pauls*,  
Yet by their timely knocking under,  
Give us no mighty Cause of Wonder ;  
So the Sharp *Blade* that falls in *League*,  
With a Rich *Lady* of Intrigue ;  
And only does pretend to Love her,  
To make the most he can do of her,  
Ne'er binds himself with *Oaths* and *Vows*,  
So close but that he may Espouse,  
The Woman that he likes much better,  
Whose Fortune or whose *Charms* are greater.

Next



Next to this wav'ring wick'd Race,  
In no Part *Christian* but in Face,  
Who tast *Religion* like False Zealots,  
With Vicious *Atheistick* Pallats ;  
There are a sworded *Whigish* Train,  
That hold all *Vertue* in disdain ;  
Hector like *Ruffins* Swear and Rattle,  
And damn the *High-Church* o'er the Bottle,  
Whore on like *Bullies*, drink like *Dragons*,  
Call themselves *Whigs*, but talk like *Pagans* ;  
Toast Healths to this and that great Lord,  
And cause he's *High-Church* damn the Third ;  
By Raving turn the House or Room,  
T'a *Bedlam* where so e'er they come ;  
In *Tavern* Kitchens roar and Bellow,  
And Spit their *Poyson* when they're Mellow ;  
Fright Modest Men with blustering Words,  
And awe the Tim'rous with their *Swords* ;  
Pick Shameful *Quarrells* o're the Quart,  
With those that do their Nonsense Thwart ;

Make

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Make Sport with all that's good and *Holy*,  
 And bear down truth with Noisy Folly;  
 Worry o're *Wine* Superiour Sense,  
 With Partial Heat and Impudence,  
 And broach a Thousand *Bugbear* lies,  
 That greater Fools may think 'em Wise;  
 At Random talk what would have been,  
 High *Treason* in another *Reign* :  
 And he that hears and won't Submit  
 Must be at least a *Jacobite*.  
 And all because he can't Comply,  
 To pin his *Faith* upon a ly ;  
 These for the *Low-Church* too declare,  
 All tho' they to no *Church* repair ;  
 Or do they ever take their sitting,  
 In any but a *Tavern* meeting :  
 Yet *Tooth* and *Nail* they will defend,  
 That *Church* to which they do pretend ;  
 Tho' 'tis believ'd they ne'er could say,  
 Their *Creed* or know they how to pray ;  
 Except *Witch* like the Backward way ;

So worthless Mungrils that are bred,  
 Among the Hounds and with them Fed ;  
 All tho' the Puppies have no Noses,  
 They'l with them Hunt thro' Woods and Closes ;  
 Pursue the Game the self same way,  
 And spend and Yelp as well as they.

But still there are a far worse Sort,  
 Of *Whigs* who do the *Church* more hurt  
 Than these ; and by their restless Tongues,  
 And busy Pens do greater wrongs,  
 To true *Religion* than the Rest,  
 Because of Keener Parts possess,  
 These with a double meaning Write,  
 To shew their Wit and next their *Spite*  
 That betwixt Tickling and their Teasing,  
 Their Malice may be render'd Pleasing ;  
 And that the Calumny and *Satyre*  
 With which they do the *Church* bespatter ;  
 May stick the Closer, Wound the deeper,  
 And in a low Condition keep her ;



The Cheif of these whose *Books* of late,  
Were Justly Censur'd by the *State* ;  
Enrag'd by the provoking *Flame*,  
The *Hangman* Kindled for the same;  
Has since by new Invectives Shown  
How much he Values *Church* or *Throne* ;  
In laying at the *Roots* of both,  
The *Ax* of Malice and untruth,  
That by Perverting Solid Sense;  
With artfull querks and Impudence,  
And by opposing Real Fact,  
With Study'd lies together Pack'd ;  
He might Insinuate to the *Nation*,  
The *Church* in *Law* has no Foundation,  
And that Exemption's *Tolleration*.  
So Strenously infer from thence  
To *Couzen Fools* and please the *Saints* ;  
That they're on such a Legal Footing,  
As gives their Worship, better Rooting ;  
Than the Establish'd *Church* Divine,  
That's Built upon the *Thirty Nine* ;

The Stubborn *Turk* or faith less *Jew*;  
May say their own Opinion's True,  
And Scribble, Wrangle, Lie, and Bluster;  
To make the *Alcoran* pass Muster;  
Or use a Crafty Strenuous Plea,  
In Right of *Infidelity*:  
But shall we to our wick'd Shame,  
For sake our *Faith* to Humour them  
Give up Christianity to please,  
Such *Heathenish* Miscreants as these;  
No, to the *Church* let's stick the closer,  
When such bold *Enemies* oppose her:  
And never heed what 'tis they Write,  
Or say against her in their *Spite*;  
Nay, tho' some *Pharisees* that join her,  
To only Rob and undermine her;  
Who praise her *Worship* but in Part,  
And hug her but with half a *Heart*;  
Should Scruples raise and be offended,  
At this or that to have it mended;

We should distinguish 'em the same  
With those, who at her Ruin aim;  
And look on each *Fanatick Cavil*,  
To be some base infectious evil;  
Rais'd by her greatest *Foe the Devil*:  
*Church Enemies* are ne'er at rest,  
And when they Solemnly protest,  
They mean, alas, no Harm unto her,  
Most Mischeif they're about to do her;  
Like *Subtile Filts* they play their Parts,  
And *Skreen* their *Ills* by private *Arts*:  
Seem most devout when 'tis to hide,  
Their *Plots* their *Malice* and their *Pride*;  
And when they have most hurt design'd:  
Give out a quite Contrary *Blind*,  
Adress the *Prince* they would betray,  
And Fawn the most to clear the Way;  
That by pretence of being *Friends*,  
They may the better gain their *Ends*,  
Cry out for *Liberty* aloud;  
To gull the *poor* unthinking *Croud*,

When



When 'tis their hidden base intent,  
T' enslave 'em by their own Consent,  
Disguise all *Ills* in agitation  
Against the *Church*, with *Reformation* :  
And always seem the most devout,  
When they've the worst designs on *Foot* ;  
Just so the Subtile *Crocodile*,  
That lurks upon the *Banks* of *Nile* ;  
Does by dissembl'd Tears betray,  
Poor harmless *Creatures* in his way ;  
And weeping takes his Heedless prey.  
Who then would such a *Brood* believe,  
That Fawn and *Whine* when they deceive ;  
And charge on others those designs,  
Themselves drive on in hidden *Mines*.

The *Church-men* tho' sincerely true,  
To God their *Queen* and *Country* too ;  
Because they wont *Submit* to be,  
Enslav'd by *Faction's Tyranny* ;  
Must be call'd *Perkenites* and *Traytors*,  
And made most wick'd *Odious Creatures* ;

Be Charg'd with *Plots* against the *State*,  
 And all those *Ills* they truly hate;  
 Be stil'd rank *Papists* by their *Scriblers*,  
 And bear the dirt of all their *Libellers*;  
 Tho' they're fix'd *Enemies* to *Pop'ry*,  
 As well as to *Fanatick Pop'ry*;  
 And are the *Nations* only *Friends*,  
 That have prevented both their *Ends*;  
 And stop'd we hope by *Countermining*,  
 The *Mischeifs* both have been designing.

But in return of all their heat,  
 And flagrant *Malice* they have *Spit*;  
 Should the same *Church* the *Truth* disclose,  
 And tell their undermining *Foes*;  
 What *Wise Men* think, they'd rave and *Huff*,  
 And *Swear* 'twas only *Papish Stuff*,  
 That notwithstanding all their thin,  
 Pretences which they use to *Screen*;  
 Their dark *Intrigues* that 'tis too plain,  
 The *Game* of old's begun again;

And that they shew themselves to be,  
Rank Enemies to *Monarchy*;  
*Republicans* who aim by stealth,  
To change us to a *Common Wealth*;  
That when the *Nations* thus betray'd,  
Their own dull *Teachers* may invade  
The *Church*, and in her *Pulpits Preach*  
Such *Tenets* up that fute therewith,  
Whilst leading *Knaves*, as once before,  
By Craft *Usurp* the Regal Power,  
Kill, Hang, *Sequester* and Oppress,  
To glut their *Pride* and Avarice,  
This is their aim and their pursuit;  
Altho' they want the *Pow'r* to do't,  
But should we still Sleep on in *Silence*,  
They plainly shew us by their *Violence*,  
That they'l be *Vigilant* to gain,  
Those ends they're lab'ring to obtain;  
We therefore equal care should take,  
To *Baffle* the *Efforts* they make;

And



And not thro' too much *Confidence*  
 In them, neglect our own defence;  
 For Slothful *Negligence*, we see,  
 Th' effect of Vain Security,  
 Oft makes the stranger Fortune's sport,  
 And gives the Weaker *Pow'r* to hurt;  
 What *People* then when once allarm'd,  
 Would quit their *Sheilds* and *Sleep* unarm'd.

## C A N T O XII.

*Of Mens Deportment in the Coffee-Houses, of the Mine-Adventure, The African-Company, of those who desire War, and others Peace, with a Prayer for the Queen and Church.*

**N**O w Warm debates were carry'd on,  
 In e'ery *Coffee-House* Pro and Con;

Where

Where *Whigs* of e'ery sort and size,  
 Began aloud to *Tyrannize*;  
 Some *Grave* old *Cits* Nurs'd up in Trade,  
 Betwixt the *Church* and *Meeting* bred;  
*Amphibeous* Christians who can run  
 To either, but be true to none;  
 Whose *Dealings* long have prov'd too plain,  
 They scarce know any *God* but *Gain*;  
 That *Gold's* the *Standard* of their *Faith*;  
 And Int'rest their *Celestial Path*;  
 Yet these will o'er their *Jewish* Liquor,  
 About *Religion* Jar and *Bicker*;  
 And rave till grown as *Piping Hot*,  
 As the dull *Grout* o'er which they sot,  
 But still they take all *Modish Care*  
 To tell what *Sorts* of *Saints* they are;  
 And by their *Loud* *Revilings* *Show*,  
 They're true *Blew Protestants*, but *Low*;  
 Affirm they *Love* with all their *Souls*,  
 The *Church*, but yet like *Knaves* or *Fools*;  
 Reproach all *Goodmen* that defend her,  
 And fain would make her bad to mend her;

Thus those who've neither *Will* or *Grace*,  
To mend themselves but still are *Base* ;  
We see cannot forbear pretending,  
To reform that which needs no mending :  
Tho' they're attended with the *Curse*,  
Of allways making better *Worse* ;

One by the *Mine* adventure Bit,  
Will o'er their *Coffee* Railing sit ;  
Against the canting cunning *Knight*,  
Who tho' a *Rank* old *Jacobite* ;  
Found out a lucky way to shew 'em,  
In their own *Art* he could out do 'em :  
And unsuspected *Pitkinise*,  
The *Crafty Saints* *Fanatick*-wise,  
Altho' they knew no *Mortal* fitter,  
Than Good Sir *Mac* to *Bite* the *Biter* :  
But sure those *Saints* had quite forgot,  
Themselves who were so Wondrous hot ;  
To trust their *Money* in the *Pow'r*,  
Of one who'd flown so high before,

And



And oft Oppos'd in *Books* and *Speeches*,  
Their fly Intrigues and Cunning Fetches ;  
But 'tis no Wonder since we find,  
That Int'rest often makes Men blind ;  
And Tempts 'em by a *Golden Bait*,  
To trust and *Flatter* those they *Hate* ;

Others with Equal *Warmth Arraign*,  
The Company call'd *African*,  
And with the *World* ill Temper'd grow ;  
To See their *Stock* so very low,  
Charge on the *Managers* the *Blame* ;  
Sip, Frown, and as they *Smoak Exclaim*,  
Because they find the *Junto Blest*  
With Wit enough to *Fool* the *Rest*,  
Thus among those that turn the *Penny*,  
One Thrives upon the Loss of many,  
And some *Mens Folly* 'tis that makes,  
Others prove *Knaves* that hold the *Stakes*.

Some who are in *Accounts Exact*,  
*Demonstrate* plainly that the *Act*,

Which was of Late so timely made,  
To Regulate the Size of *Bread* ;  
Has left it still i' th' *Bakers Pow'r*,  
To *Cheat* their *Customers* much more,  
Then e'er they us'd to do before ;  
Which shews how hard 'tis to Restrain,  
The *Knavish Practice* of such Men ;  
Who will in *Spite* of *Law* persue it,  
Because theyv'e been Accustom'd to it ;  
So the *Sly Lass* that has been *Beded*,  
Before She's to her *Lover Wedded* ;  
Will always after ready be  
T' Improve an opportunity.

Some full of *News* Collected from,  
The *Prints Abroad* and lies at *Home* ;  
Sit *Gravely* setting forth the whole,  
That's said and done 'twixt *Pole* and *Pole* ;  
Tell you the very *Day* and *Hour*,  
When we shall all our *Foes* o'erpow'r  
What lucky *Steps* we wisely take,  
And e'ery *Progress* that we make ;

When

When we shall give the *French* a *Shock*,  
And at the *Gates* of *Paris* *Knock* ;  
What *Wonders* will at last *befal*,  
And be the great *Event* of all ;  
Thus some in *Earnest* some in *Jest*,  
With *Groundless Whims* *Amuse* the rest ;  
And what the *Busy Knaves* *Invent*,  
The *Foolish* take upon *Content*.

Others come *Puffing* in to tell  
The *Tidings* of the last *New Mail* ;  
That *Peace* is fresh again on *Foot*,  
And all *Sides* are *Inclining* *To't* ;  
That *France* is forward to *Comply*,  
And does no *Terms* we ask *deny* ;  
This vexes some who long have made  
*Advantage* of a *Secret Trade* ;  
And *Startles* others who are for  
*No Peace*, because they gain by *War* ;  
But highly pleases all the *Rest*,  
Who truly wish the *Nation* *Blest* ;



And that *Britanina's* awful *Queen*,  
 Who has in *War* so prosp'rous been ;  
 May long enjoy in *Downy Peace*,  
 A sweet and *unmolested Ease* ;  
 And those *Calm Blessings* that arise,  
 From all her *Glorious Victories* ;  
 That then or sooner may She see,  
 Her *Subjects* from *Contention* free ;  
 And all those *Quarrels, Fends and Heats*,  
 That now *Perplex* her *Throne* by *Fits* ;  
 And e'ery *Breach* our *Foes* improve,  
*Unite* in *Frindship* and in *Love* ;  
 May both the *Names* of *High* and *Low*,  
 To e'ery *Party* *Odious* grow ;  
 Till by all *Sides* they're given o'er,  
 And ever *Cease* to be no more ;  
 May we from *Anna's* *Vertues* *Learn*,  
 That good we no where else *Discern* ;  
 And *Labour* to return the *Throne*,  
 Those *Blessings* She has made our own ;

May

May those who would invade or *Lower*,  
The Lawful *Rights* of *Sov'raign Pow'r* ;  
And Struggle by designs *Nefarious*,  
To make the *Royal-Throne*, *Precarious* ;  
Whether they're *Jacobites* or *Whigs*,  
Be made as *Black* as their *Intrigues* ;  
Render'd unquaili'd to be,  
Entrusted with *Authority* ;  
And by the *Reins* of *Human Law*  
Be always *Curb'd* and kept in *Awe*.

May all good Men who ever lov'd  
Their *Queen* and *Country* stand unmov'd ;  
And alwayes truly be agreed  
To defend both in time of need,  
Against all ill designs began  
By *Papist* or *Republican* ;  
That no *Attempt* 'gainst *Church* or *State*,  
May ever be oppos'd too late ;  
But in *its* Early *Progress* meet,  
A timely and Intire *Defeat* ;

That

That *Pride* and *Avarice* may see,  
 In *Spite* of Man *God* still will be ;  
 Th' all Powerful *Guardian* of the *Throne*,  
 He only makes the *Monarch's* own.

Since Bountious *Heav'n*, we must agree,  
 Knows no *Impossibility* ;  
 Within this *Realm* may all *Mankind*,  
 In Rules of *Faith* be of one *Mind* ;  
 That none may need within this *Nation*,  
 The Tender grant of *Tolleration* ;  
 Nor any grumbling *Party Vex*,  
 The *Throne*, or human *Peace* *Perplex* ;  
 No Vile *Sedicious Seeds* be sown,  
 No Name but *Brother Christian* known ;  
 But all beneath Bright *Anna* prove  
 As happy to us as her *Love*,  
 And we to shew how much we are,  
 Indebted to her *Nursing* Care,  
 Do all thar in a *People* lies,  
 To make her *Throne* a *Paradise*.



May the *True Church* her safety owe,  
 To *God* above, the *Queen* below;  
 And *Flourish* in *Eternal Peace*,  
 In *Spite* of all her *Enemies*;  
 Subdue by *Preaching* and by *Pray'r*;  
 All those who with her *Doctrines* jar;  
 Use no *Severity* to those,  
 Who bred awry, her *Rites* oppose;  
 Nor may she ever find the same,  
 From such who *Spite* her to their shame;  
 Or Bow her *Everlasting Head*,  
 To those by *Crafty Guides* misled;  
 But still preserve from *Errour Free*,  
 Her *Apostolick Purity*;  
 That the *True Christian Church*, no other,  
 Beneath the *Queen* her *Nursing Mother*;  
 May *Flourish* to the last degree,  
 And stand up with *Eternity*.

THE

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FINIS.







The Fifth and last Part of  
*Vulgus Britannicus:*  
O R, T H E  
British HUDIBRAS.

In Three C A N T O S:

On the Kingdom alarm'd. The Practice of the  
*Whiggs*. The *D---M---l* hinted. The *Addresses*  
touch'd upon. Some seasonable *Reflections* on  
the Factious Party. The Loyalty of the  
*Church*. The *Intention* of their *Addresses*. The  
Impatience of the *Whiggs* and Modesty of  
the *Review*. The *Whiggish* Story of the *D---b*  
threatning, the *Bank of England*. The *Whigs*  
*Addresses* and Purport thereof.

Written by the Author of the  
*London Spy*.

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*Vulgus Britannicus:*  
OR, THE  
British HUDIBRASS.

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PART V.

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CANTO XIII.

*The Kingdom alarm'd. The Practices of the Whigs. The D--- M-----l hinted. The Addres-  
ses touch'd upon: With some  
seasonable Reflections on the  
Faction Party.*

**T**He Nation much surpriz'd to find,  
The *Saints* so Bold, and yet so Blind;  
And that the People call'd the Godly,  
Should manage their Intrigues so odly;  
X Began

## 150 C A N T O XIII.

Began to guess from *Matters* past,  
 How *Things* were like to prove at last;  
 Unless the Threat'ning *Mischiefs* were  
 Prevented by some timely care;  
 So wise Astrologers that know  
 By *Stars*, that do our Fate foreshow,  
 How great *Affairs* are mov'd below;  
 By timely Caution should fore-arm us,  
 Against those *Ills* they think will harm us.

The *Church-men*, now, began to ponder,  
 On *Mist'ries* that had rais'd their wonder;  
 And to examine what the *Whigs*  
 Intended, by their dark *Intrigues*;  
 And what their plotting *Heads* could mean,  
 By op'ning such a frightful *Scene*,  
 That even scar'd the very *Rabble*,  
 And turn'd the Town into a *Babel*;  
 Nay, puzzl'd wiser Heads to guess,  
 The true intent of their *Excess*;  
 When they'd so long amus'd the *Nation*,  
 With canting *Cries* of *Moderation*;

As if the *Church* was bound in Honour,  
 To silent sit till they'd undone her ;  
 And that it was an open breach  
 Of Peace and Unity to teach  
 That very *Doctrine* which the Mouth  
 Of *Heav'n* has warranted for Truth ;  
 Only because it disagrees  
 With their Nefarious Practices ;  
 And thwarts that old but cursed Cause ;  
 That strikes at *God's Eternal Laws* ;  
 As if their *Aim* was to dethrone  
 All *Pow'r*, to make the World their own ;  
 And like the Impious *Gyants*, fight  
 With *Heav'n* it self to shew their Spight ;  
 Or that at least they meant to be,  
 The bane of *Church* and *Monarchy* ;  
 And had determin'd if they cou'd,  
 To drown them in a *Sea* of Blood ;  
 And by an universal fray,  
 Make all but one *Aceldema* ;  
 So Mad-men may affirm they're Kings,  
 And dream and talk of Mighty things ;



Fancy they have a Right by *Birth*,  
 To all the Regions of the Earth;  
 But when the Wretches once begin,  
 To shake their Fists, and rave and grin,  
 'Tis time they should be chain'd or ty'd,  
 To curb their silly *Frantick Pride*.

When a strange frenzy full as bad  
 As this, had made the *Whigs* run mad,  
 And Zeal, Ill-nature, and Ambition,  
 Had fill'd the Nation with Sedition;  
 That those, who had implor'd of late  
 The kind Indulgence of the *State*;  
 For e'ery *Saint* with tender *Conscience*,  
 To Pray according to his own *Sense*;  
 Were now for giving Laws to those,  
 Who'd hurt their own for their *Repose*;  
 And sacrific'd their Ease and Safty,  
 To raise a thankless *Tribe* too lofty;  
 Who now according to the black  
 Returns, *Fanaticks* us'd to make,

Were

Were for subverting those that gave 'em,  
 The Pow'r to injure and enslave 'em;  
 And grew too stately to endure  
 Those *Laws* that made the *Church* secure;  
 And too superb to yield or own,  
 A just Obedience to the *Throne*;  
 But at the *Root* of both were striking,  
 To bring them lower to their liking;  
 So the proud *Hogen State* we see,  
 That once complain'd of Poverty;  
 Were by one *Gracious Queen* reliev'd,  
 When much oppress'd, distrest, and griev'd;  
 But now when High and Mighty grown,  
 To the next *Q* --- their Thanks are shown;  
 In *D* --- *s* *f* --- *al* --- *y* rude,  
 By way of *Fl* , --- *ish* Gratitude;  
 Or else the *Whigs* have forg'd a *Sham*,  
 In Hopes to mend their *Losing Game*;  
 And make themselves notorious Lyars,  
 T'amuse the *People* call'd *High-Flyars*.

When

When *Royal Favour* thus had warm'd  
Some *Snakes* with pointed *Venom* arm'd;  
That they began to hiss and bite,  
And spit their *Poison* and their *Spite*;  
At all Men that they found devising,  
Just Ways to stop their Tyrannizing;  
And had in publick manner try'd,  
Those *Doctrines* which themselves deny'd;  
And taught us to despise the *Bible*  
By *B*.... *G* ..... for a Libel;  
The *Nation* then began to see,  
Their Justice and Sincerity;  
And what a strange new *Reformation*,  
The *Saints* were bringing into *Fashion*;  
What *Pains* they took, what *Zeal* they shew'd,  
To please their own ill-natur'd Brood;  
What good old *Arguments* they brought  
Long since by *Pryn* and *Peters* taught;  
Those worthy *Martyrs* for the Cause,  
One learn'd in *Gospel*, 'tother *Laws*;



Both mighty *Favourites* of the *Rout*,  
And *Sainted* now, we need not doubt ;  
To make their Arguments pass Muster,  
When e'er the *Whigs* are pleas'd to bluster ;  
Yet tho' they're honour'd at this Day,  
For their Good Deeds, we cannot say ;  
They have not left behind their Fellows,  
To grace the *Pill'ry* or the *Gallows* ;  
Because we've many now in play,  
As meritorious full as they.

Now *Whig* and *Saint*, to make us love 'em,  
Ran on as if the *Devil* drove 'em ;  
And spur'd the *Cause* with so much Violence,  
That the most *Patient* broke their Silence ;  
Much nettl'd and provok'd to find,  
That all was going down the Wind ;  
For that the *Whigs* did now Conceit,  
Their Harvest for the *Sickle* fit ;  
And thought 'twas time that they had mown,  
What *Old Achitophel* had sown ;

No sooner were the *Tribe* prepar'd,  
 But all began to labour hard ;  
 Endeav'ring as they always wou'd,  
 To Cheat the *Parson* if they cou'd ;  
 That Tyth and Truth might cease togethèr,  
 And Souls be lead the *Lord* knows whither.

This put the *Nation* in a Flame,  
 When *Good Men* saw their wicked aim ;  
 And forc'd the *Church* upon addressing  
 Our only *Safty* and our *Blessing* ;  
 Some were so impious to *Prophane*,  
 That Sacred Word *Republican* ;  
 As if those Saints of *Common Wealth* !  
 Such pious *Zealots* would by stealth,  
 Prove dang'rous to the *Kingdom's Health* ;  
 Or that *Republicans* could be,  
 Such Enemies to *Monarchy* ;  
 As to Subvert or Circumvent,  
 So Just and Blest a *Government* ;  
 O Fy ! It never can be thought,  
 The Supposition's weak and naught ;

Smells rank of *Pop'ry* only fit,  
To please each grumbling *Jacobite*.

Who ever knew the sober whining  
*Fanatick's* giv'n to undermining;  
Or that they ever strove to *Tower*,  
Above the *Church*; or *Sov'reign Power*;  
By any boist'rous *Deviation*,  
From the strict *Rules of Moderation*.

Who but *High-Flyers* can suppose,  
The *Whigs* to be the *Church's Foes*;  
Or that such Loyal *Sons* would strive  
To Pare the *Crown's Prerogative*?  
Who are for fixing both upon  
Perpetual *Revolution*;  
That they themselves the *Land* may bubble,  
And rule, to save the *Prince* the trouble.

Who, tho' they hear the *Saints* extol,  
The glorious Reign of *Plous Nol*;



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And bleſs the *Rump* for pulling down  
 The Sacred *Head* that rul'd the *Throne*,  
 Can be ſuch dull *High-flying Slaves*,  
 Such *Jacobites*, ſuch *Fools* or *Knaves*;  
 To think ſo mild a *Tribe* ſhould aim  
 To bring about the very ſame?  
 No, no, it ne'er can be ſuſpected,  
 Unleſs by *Persons* diſaffected,  
 Such *Popiſh Traitors* that would bring,  
 The *Mob* to be below the King;  
 And by their dang'rous *Plots* betray  
 The *Sov'reign People* to obey;  
 And force thoſe *Mighty Lords* to ſhew  
 Allegiance where it's juſtly due;  
 But who that loves his *Native Land*,  
 Will allow *Monarchs* to *Command*,  
 When *Whigs* have got the upper hand?

C A N-

## C A N T O XIV.

*The Loyalty of the Church ; the  
import of their Addresses ; the  
Impatience of the Whigs ; and  
Modesty of the Review.*

**A** Ddresses now flow'd in apace,  
To th' best of Q...s from e'ery place;  
That *Royal Pow'r* might timely see,  
Which side maintain'd *True Loyalty* ;  
And who most likely to assert  
The *Throne*, that bears an *English Heart* ;  
That they who never fear to own  
Their lawful *Duty* to the *Crown* ;  
Might be distinguish'd from those few,  
Whose Works their *Disobedience* shew ;  
And always Murmur and Complain  
The most, when the best *Princes* Reign ;

So *Bullies* shew their *Impudence*,  
 To those least apt to take *Offence* ;  
 And *Faction* ever thrives the better  
 For a good *Kings* forgiving *Nature*.

The *Churchmen*, who can never be  
 Unsteady in their *Loyalty* ;  
 To those of *Ancient Royal Blood*,  
 Who *Reign* and *Govern* as they shou'd ;  
 That do to *Heav'n* their *Scepters* owe,  
 And not to *Scum* and *Dirt* below ;  
 When once they saw the restless *Whigs*  
 So bare-fac'd in their vile *Intrigues* ;  
 That threaten'd our *Old Constitution*  
 With some new *Monstrous Revolution* ;  
 They thought 'twas time to shew they mean  
 To stand by *English Government* ;  
 That is, th' *Establis'd Church* and *Throne*,  
 And the blest *Q.....n* that sits thereon ;  
 Against all *Popish Innovators*,  
 And base *Republican Translators* ;



Of that blest *Form* we now possess,  
 Into a *State* of *Wretchedness*,  
 That no *Reviews* Infination,  
 Of all *Good Men*, or all the *Nation*,  
 Should perswade *Fools* that the *Whole Land*,  
 Were at the *Whigish Tribe's* Command,  
 Who are, alas, but at the best,  
 A worthless handful to the rest;  
 Meer *Upstarts*, who with *Shams* and *Lies*,  
 Would stop our *Ears*, and blind our *Eyes*;  
 And broach such Principles that must  
 Extirpate all that's *Good* and *Just*;  
 Bring true *Religion* to disgrace,  
 That *Atheism* may usurp its place,  
 And make the *British Throne* become,  
 The tott'ring *Jest* of *Christendom*;  
 Endanger e'ery *Subject's* Right,  
 And turn *Fraternal Love* to *Spite*;  
 That a few *Reprobates* may be,  
 The glorious *Head* of *Anarchy*;

For what can follow but *Confusion*,  
If we translate our *Constitution*,  
Into an endless *Revolution*.

These are the *Blessings* they are for,  
And these are what the *Church* abhor ;  
These are the Great and Glorious *Ends*,  
Our *Whigs*, the *Nations only Friends* ;  
Have *Tooth* and *Nail*, altho' in vain,  
Been wisely lab'ring to obtain ;  
These are their *Drifts*, wherein we see,  
Their Love to *Church* and *Monarchy* ;  
And this is all we must expect,  
By their *Success*, and our *Neglect* ;  
Then who that knows their *Pious Aim*,  
Would stop their present Blessed Game ;  
That gives us such enticing *Hopes*  
Of *Sequestrations*, *Jayls* and *Ropes*,  
Without the help of *Kings* or *Popes*.

The *Churchmen* taking no great *Pleasure*  
In Heav'nly *Prospects*, such as these are ;

With

With all *Humility* Addrest,  
 And in the mildest Words exprest  
 Their ancient *Duty* to the Throne,  
 And Love of *Her* that sits thereon.  
 Asserting that with all their Might,  
 They would maintain Her *Royal Right* ;  
 Deriv'd as well of long *Descent*,  
 As from the *Act of Settlement* ;  
 'Gainst *Papists*, and that *Faction's* Clan  
 Of *Rebels*, call'd *Republican* ;  
 And that they ne'er would leave i'th' lurch,  
 The *Apostolick Mother Church*,  
 Or change her *Doctrines* old and true,  
 For any that are false and new ;  
 But abhor, drive-out, and disown,  
 All *Tenets* against *Church* or *Crown* ;  
 And e'ery *Whigish* *Innovation*,  
 Gilt o'er with Shams of *Reformation*,  
 That tend to hurt our *Constitution*,  
 By any further *Revolution* ;  
 Affirming that they'll always stand,  
 By *Church* and *Queen*, with *Heart* and *Hand*,  
 Against



Against all *Deists, Atheists, Whigs,*  
And all their *Commonwealth Intrigues*;  
Those Wicked *Principles* oppose,  
Broach'd lately by the *Nations Foes*;  
And with their *Lives*, and all that's *Dear*  
Defend when any *Danger's* near,  
The Queens just *Title* to the *Throne*,  
'Gainst all *Pretenders* to the *Crown*.

These are the *Sum* my *Muse* professes,  
Of all the *Honest Church Addresses*;  
That give such wondrous *Provocation*,  
To those that would betray the *Nation*.

Here's *Popish* stuff, says poor *D... F...*,  
Whose Pen is like his Party, *Low*;  
Now *Countrymen*, I hope you see,  
How the *Church* aims at *Tyranny*,  
What Pains they take to raise the *Throne*,  
Above the *Revolution*;  
And how they'd bring us to adore,  
That *Golden Badge* of *Sov'reign Pow'r*;

The *Crown* which they porphanely say,  
 We must bow down to and obey,  
 Tho' the *Gilt Bauble's* only given  
 By us the *People*, not by *Heaven*;  
 And may be snatch'd away again,  
 When we find one more fit to Reign  
 But the *High Church*, you see, would have us,  
 Worship those *Scepters* that enslave us,  
 As *Papists* do their *Lifeless Saints*,  
 In Statues, Paintings, and in Prints,  
 Set up our *Idols* on the *Throne*,  
 And then adore 'em when we've done;  
 Tell 'em they have a *Right Divine*,  
 And *Deify* their *Royal Line*;  
 Advance them to a *Heavenly Distance*,  
 And bind our selves, by *Non-Resistances*  
 To be their *Slaves*, and to endure,  
 The Scourges of *Tyrannick Pow'r*;  
 'This is the *Scope*, says the *Review*,  
 Of what the *Jacobites* pursue;  
 As e'ery flored *Line* expresses,  
 In all their *Perkinite* Addresses.

I Vow a rare interpretation,  
Of *Church Obedience* and *Submission* ;  
And of that *Loyalty* which ought  
To alwaies be maintain'd and Taught ;  
A fine Construction to be made,  
Of that due *Veneration* paid  
To our good *Queen*, to whom we owe,  
That *Safty* we enjoy below ;  
Whose *Vertues* are by all belov'd,  
And *Wisdom* makes her *Reign* approv'd ;  
Which has been blest in *Spite* of *Fars*  
*Domestick*, well as *Foreign Wars* ;  
Altho' her *Lenity* has been,  
Too great for such a Pow'rful *Queen* ;  
And more especially to those,  
By Principle *Impatient Foes*  
To *Monarchy*, who ne'er could rest,  
Tho' with the *Best* of *Prince's* Blest ;  
But would be gaining *still* upon 'em,  
Till they'd much wrong'd 'em or undone 'em ;



# C A N T O XIV. 167

So *Ivy* Suffer'd to *Embrace*  
 The *Oak*, *Climbs* up and *Thrives* apace ;  
 And if not *Prun'd* in time of need,  
 Will *Choak* the *Tree*, that rais'd the *Weed*.

What a Strange dull Infatuation  
 Must *Numb* and *Stupify* the *Nation* ;  
 If Men for justly Setting forth,  
 Their *Duty* and their *Sov'reign's Worth* ;  
 The *Joy* and *Comfort* they have in  
 Th' *Establisht Church* and rightful *Queen* ;  
*Affirming* by their utmost *Troth*,  
 That they're resolv'd to stand by *Both* ;  
 Against all *Popish Plots* and *Traytors*,  
 And vile *Republick Innovators* ;  
 Must for such *Solemn Vows* as these,  
 Such timely good *Affurances* ;  
 Be Counted *Jacobites* by *Knaves*,  
 Who want to make the *Land* their *Slaves* ;  
 Be mumbl'd by their *Bull-dog Writers*,  
 Those fiery *Barkers* tho' no *Biters* ;

Who with their *Foolish Rage* alarm  
Poor *Zelous Fools* to keep 'em *Warm*,  
Whilst their own *Party* do the *Harm* ;  
So *Whigs* of old, when they were bent,  
To undermine the *Government*,  
They still *Amus'd* the giddy *Town*,  
With *Popish Plots* to hide their own.

Since to be *Loyal* to the *Throne*,  
And faithful to the *Corner-Stone* ;  
*Friends* to our *Ancient Constitution*,  
Against all further *Revolution* ;  
True to the Int'rest of the *Nation*,  
Without the least *Prevarication* ;  
*Obedient Peaceful* well *Content*,  
With the late *Act* of *Settlement* ;  
Is to be what, the *Whigs* in *Spite*,  
Are pleas'd to call a *Jacobite* ;  
I wish themselves but half as *Just*,  
As those they'd have the *Throne Distrust* ;  
And that they had no worse *Designs*,  
Carr'd on in their *Republick Mines* ;

Against

Against the *Kingdom* than by those,  
Their *Scriblers* call' the *Nation's Foes* ;  
Then might they say we had *Abus'd* 'em,  
And not like *Brother Christians* us'd 'em ;  
But 'tis the old *Fanatick Cunning*,  
When they themselves full tilt are *Running*  
Into a *Common-Wealth*, to Cry,  
Beware of *Popish Tyranny* ;  
Just so they Serv'd that *Pious Prince*,  
Whose fall the *Traitors* work'd long since ;  
Blam'd him, when they were basely bent,  
To blow up *Kingly Government* ;  
Because he would not freely lay,  
His *Sceptre* down and so betray  
That *Power*, which they *Snatch'd* away.



## C A N T O XV.

*The former boastings of the Review  
groundless, the Whiggish Story of  
the D-----h threatening the  
Bank of England, the Whigs  
Addresses, and the purport there-  
of.*

**T**H E *Whigs* were now Enrag'd to see  
The Church express such *Loyalty* ;  
And give such *Solemn Protestations*,  
Against their *Sly Insinuations* ;  
And those *ill Principles* the *Brood*,  
Were introducing if they *Cou'd* ;  
By giving e'ery *Heathnish Notion*  
The *Saaction* of the *Revolution* ;  
As *Cunning Knaves* by gilding *Brass*,  
For *Gold*, make *Worthless Mettle Pass* ;

But

But wiser *Heads* found out the *Cheat*,  
 And prov'd their *Tenets Counterfetr* ;  
 By rubbing off the outward *Cafe*,  
 And shewing all within was *Base* ;  
 This blest discov'ry, timely made,  
 Thro' all the *Kingdom* quickly spread ;  
 And open'd the deluded *Eyes*,  
 Of *Trimming Fools* and pleas'd the wise ;  
 Frighted the *Magazine* of *Pow'r*,  
 Which they'd long boasted of before ;  
 And tho' for *Years* their *Scribes* had *Courted*,  
 Old *Legeon* yet the *Knave* deserted ;  
 And left their *Pious Cause* to shew,  
 The *Rog'ry* of their fam'd *Review* ;

'Where are his pow'rful *Magazine*,  
 With which he threatn'd *Church* and *Q-----n* ;  
 And frighted poor unthinking *Fools*,  
 T' Espouse their *Odious Principles* ;  
 Where are his *Whiggish Legeons* fled,  
 Those *Windy Fantoms* in his *Head* ;

That

That were to worry all *High-Flyers*,  
 And pull down *Organs*, *Bells* and *Quires*;  
 That *Presbyterian Ordination*,  
 Might Crown our further *Reformation*;  
 And Sacred *Lamn* become the *Joke*,  
 Of each *Fanatick Band* and *Cloak*.

Where's all the *People* all good *Men*,  
 And his alls o'er and o'er again;  
 That were so fully well *agreed*,  
 The *Church* should with the *Whiggs Concede*;  
 And yield her *Worship* and her *Rites*,  
 To *Saints* more mad than *Bedlamites*;  
 Why truly all his mighty *Alls*,  
 Which to his *Aid* so oft he *Calls*;  
 His *Low Church Legeons* and his *Mobs*,  
 His *London Swarms* and *Country Hobs*;  
 His *Men of Sense* and *Mag- of Pow'r*,  
 Prove *High* and so they were before;  
 So bouncing *Knaves* will oft set forth,  
 Their *Stock*, their *Credit* and their *Worth*;

Who



Who if *Examin'd* will be found  
 So far in *Debt*, so run a *Ground*,  
 They cant' pay *Three-Pence* in the *Pound*.

The *Whiggs* beginning now to see  
 The *Church* had Strip'd their *Falacy*;  
 Of all that *Politick* disguise,  
 That *Skreen'd* their *Tricks* from weaker *Eyes*;  
 Grew very much *Disturb'd* to find  
 Their *Cause* was going down the *Wind*;  
 That all their *Boasted Moderation*  
 Was now too weak to hide their *Passion*;  
 And only Serv'd to let us know,  
 They cry'd up what they ne'er would *Show*;  
 And *Recommended*, to *Amuse*  
 The *Kingdom*, what they could not use;  
 So the *Learn'd Æsculapian Brothers*,  
 Are forward to *Prescribe* to *others*;  
 Those *Doses* which themselves can't take  
 For their own *Health* and *Safty's* Sake.

Now *Whiggish Lies* about were thrown,  
 T' *Amuse* and terrify the *Town*;

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And all their little vain *Efforts*,  
 Were back'd with *Insolent* reports;  
*Malicious Scandalous Romances*,  
 The *Dregs* of their *Invet'rate Fancies*;  
 So groundless that each Man of *Sense*,  
*Blush'd* at their daring *Impudence*.

Some broach'd a *Monstrous Tale* relating,  
 To H - - - - d and the *Bank of Britain*;  
 And so improv'd the *Whiggish Fable*,  
 At *Change* and e'ery *Coffee-House Table*;  
 That some believ'd the *Threatning Story*,  
 To th' less'ning of the *Kingdom's Glory*;  
 And fancy'd that we must thro' fear,  
 Be *Steer'd* and *Bully'd* by *Minhier*;  
 When all was but a *Wiggish Sham*,  
 Contriv'd on this side *Amsterdam*;  
 A poor *Fanatick Low-Church Shift*,  
 To give the *Sinking Cause* a lift;  
 Thus Men of restless *Disposition*,  
 Spurr'd on by *Envy* and *Sedition*;

If once they *Aim* at others hurt,  
And fail in their unjust *Effort*,  
Make *Lies* their *Refuge* and *Support*.



But had we been so low *reduc'd*,  
By being *Treach'rously abused* ;  
As really to have been *affear'd* of,  
Those *Threats* we have so lately heard of ;  
And that our *Rulers* had been *aw'd*,  
By *Saucy Dictates* from *aboard* ;  
Who are the *Traytors*, who the *Tribe*,  
That brought us to so low and *Ebb* ?  
And are the same still fit to be  
The props of *Church* and *Monarchy* ?  
Who have by breaking down their *Fences*,  
Expos'd them to such *Insolences* ?  
No sure 'tis time to stop the *Gap*,  
That we may further *ills* escape ;  
And pinion those that have undone us,  
By *Basely* letting in upon us  
A *Flood* of *Mischiefs* that must *Drown*  
The *Church*, the *Kingdom* and the *Crown* ;



Unless prevented e'er they flow  
Too fast and too *Tempestious* grow ;  
The *Farmer* timely mends the *Breach*,  
He finds in either *Hedg* or *Ditch* ;  
And sends those *Cattle* to the *Pound*,  
That makes a *Trespass* on his *Ground* ;  
Like Measures are the only way,  
To *Tame* more headstrong *Brutes* then they ;  
Who if not *Curb'd* and *Manag'd* duly,  
Will grow still more, and more, unruly ;  
But if once handl'd shrink like *Snails*,  
And draw their *Horns* into their *Shells*,

What *Noisy Clamours*, do they make ?  
What *disobedient Freedoms* take ?  
What *Liberties* their *Writers* use ?  
How modest are their fam'd *Reviews* ?  
Where *Sov'raign Pow'r* is made their *Sport*,  
And *Pelted* with such *Faction's Dirt* ;  
That all of *Modesty* or *Sense*,  
Who read his matchless *Impudence*,

Bulsh at his rude and daring *Pen*,  
So vile reproachful and *Prophane* ;  
And Judge by his *Fanatick Spite*,  
He's *Curs'd* above all Men that *Write* ;  
And doom'd to be a wretch'd *Tooll*  
To *Knaves* that would *Usurp* the *Rule* ;  
Who are too weak to bear the *Sway*,  
And too *Rebellious* to *Obey*.

The *Whiggish Tribe* were now agriev'd  
To see the *Church* so well receiv'd  
At *Court*, for standing by the *Throne*,  
When *Faction* was so *Rampant* grown ;  
So *Pert*, so *Insolent* and *Warm*,  
That they were *Aiming* to *disarm*  
The *Church*, of *Doctrines* that agree,  
With *Scripture*, well as *Mornarchy* ;  
That by that means the *Sov'raign Pow'r*,  
Might be left weak and *insecure* ;  
And all *Obedience* to a *King*  
Become a wild *Precarious* thing ;

Depending

Depending on the *various* minds  
 Of those more fickle than the *Winds* ;  
 Yet these good *Whiggs* we must allow  
 The only faithful *Subjects* now ;  
 Tho' e'ery step they take we see,  
 Encroaches on the *Monarchy* ;  
 And on the *Church* that does defend  
 The *Throne*, and is its surest *Friend* ;  
 But if ye dare give *Credit* to  
 That modest *Libel* the *Review* ;  
 Where you may find the *Whigs* to be  
 The only Sons of *Loyalty* ;  
 Because their works have made it known,  
 They alwayes were for *pulling down*  
 The *Church Establish'd* and the *Crown*,  
 What *Sov'raign* therefore can distrust  
*Subjects* so *Pious* and so *Just* ?  
 Who keep their old *Opinion*, still ;  
 And when they durst *Rebel* they will.

However now to shew they were,  
 As *Loyal* as they say they are ;



The *Saints* began with all their art,  
 To vouch their *Zeal* to Q - - - - n, and *Court*,  
 In such *Addresses* as might best  
 Open the *Windows* of their *Breast*,  
 That Sacred *Majesty* might see  
 Their Ancient *Love* and *Loyalty* ;  
 And that they now ador'd their *Prince*,  
 Just as they us'd to do long since,  
 And were, unto our G - - - - s Q - - - - n,  
 The same as they had ever been ;  
 Pointing most *Loyally* to those  
 They would have deem'd the *Nations Foes*,  
 Meaning the *Church*, least they themselves,  
 Should now be thought those wicked *Elves* ;  
 Who by their *Malice*, *Heat* and *Fury*  
 Had rais'd up the *Tempestous Flurry*,  
 Which blew with such *Precipitation*,  
 Against the Sons of *Moderation*,  
 That many meetings met with *harm*,  
 And suffer'd greatly in the *Storm* ;

Whilst

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Whilst those that rais'd the *Wind* so *High*,  
 Beheld the *danger* with an *Eye*  
 Of fear, unable to foresee,  
 What the strange Consequence might be;  
 Thus *Conjurers* of *Common* Weal,  
 who do with *Restless Spirits* deal;  
 In *Spite* of all their cunning may  
 Raise *Devils* that they cannot lay.

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*The end of the Fifth and last Part.*

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